

United States v. Hadden,
S2 20 Cr. 468 (RMB)

EXHIBIT B

(Victim Impact Statements (Sentencing))

EXHIBITS TO THE GOVERNMENT'S SENTENCING SUBMISSION

[REDACTED COPY]

Filed: June 20, 2023

May 15, 2023

The other day, I chanced upon a social media thread from Reddit regarding inappropriate things that doctors have said to their patients. As I read some of them, inside my head a voice was saying, “that doctor is grooming his patients just like Haddon did.”

If there is any inkling of a chance Mr. Haddon says he didn’t mean to do what he did, he is lying. Not because that’s what I want to believe, but because after reading what other perverted doctors have said to their patients and those patients just posting it on social as “inappropriate”, it shows how much power doctors wield.

From the moment we are born, we are given over to the care of doctors as something our parents can’t give us. For many, the trust in a doctor is greater than in a parent. The system sets it up that way and has been that way for what, 200 years? The Hippocratic Oath – doctors make AN OATH not to do harm. A mechanic and plumber don’t make oaths. Not even parents of children make an oath.

Mr. Haddon took his place and stature as an Obgyn and used this power for his own pleasure. He knew that a woman meeting him for the first time would give him more trust than to her friends, partner or family.

How else could he have violated so many women, including myself, for so many years, ALL THE WHILE explaining in detail exactly how he was going to violate us, AS HE WAS VIOLATING US. We thought it was all in the scope of a medical exam, which means he put a lot of thought into exactly what he was going to say and do. He didn’t just rape us. Because then we would know.

For years and years.

He, like others before him, are sad he got caught. He didn’t try to get help for himself all the years he was molesting. It was premeditated and intentional. With glee and excitement at each new day at work.

Doctors who, within their medical practice, violate the trust of their patients and cause any kind of harm, should be punished to the fullest extent of the law. Doctors who commit heinous crimes against their patients, as Mr. Haddon did, using stature, position, and associations to attract said patients, should have an extra special punishment.

Please make an example out of Mr. Haddon.

Sincerely,

Jane Doe #14

Victim Impact Statement 2: Kate Evans*

The Honorable Richard M. Berman
United States District Judge
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Berman,

I am grateful for this opportunity to share the horror which has been inflicted on me and so many other women as a result of being sexually assaulted and sexually violated by Robert Hadden. In the Hippocratic Oath it is laid down: 'Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and, further from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves.' Robert Hadden swore to this oath which is significant in the medical field and swore that he would do no harm, let alone sexually assault hundreds of women to satisfy himself.

I had been raised to trust doctors and institutions that are designed to provide medical care. As a woman who has worked for over 30 years providing counseling, emotional support and advocacy to those who had been victimized or had experienced a trauma, I never believed I would find myself in that position. I had a difficult time believing that the man in the white coat, whom I and my family had trusted, some of whom were also patients, could be capable of such heinous crimes.

When Robert Hadden assaulted me, I was shocked and paralyzed with fear like I had never been before in my life. I wanted to run and get out of the office and Columbia Presbyterian as quickly as possible. I felt dirty and went immediately home and got into the shower. Standing in the shower I sobbed, unsure of what to do, uncertain if anyone would believe me, frightened about the effect of my assault on my family. I was so paralyzed by fear I made a decision to keep the assault to myself and never mentioned a word of it to anyone including my beloved husband for many years.

The trauma of sexual assault is one which has a multitude of negative impacts. I grappled for many years with the idea of blame, was this my fault? Could I have done something to have prevented the attacks? How can I ever trust a doctor again? I became fearful of being attacked again and maintaining my safety. I became negligent regarding my own physical health. My self-esteem was impacted and I questioned my body image and felt dirty. I had an increased level of anxiety and could barely enter a doctor's office without my blood pressure going through the roof.

On a personal level, I worked daily to combat the demons caused by being sexually assaulted and violated by Robert Hadden. For me the demons became greater when I had to come forward

and reveal to my husband, children and siblings what had happened to their wife, mother and sister. For me the time had finally come to step forward not only for myself but also for my daughters, granddaughters and nieces to set an example for them that it is NOT OK. I wanted to show them that I had a responsibility to not let Robert Hadden run free for his inflicted sexual violence but also to help the world begin to understand the horrors of sexual violence and understand the importance of women's rights and health being protected by the legal system.

And, by sharing my own trauma, I now felt as if I was causing tremendous pain and traumatizing my children. The last thing a mother ever wants to do is to cause pain and trauma for her offspring. Again, even though I know that this doesn't make sense, I felt that, as a victim, I had in some way failed as a mother. I had somehow failed to protect myself, and, as a result, I had to burden my family with my trauma.

Being sexually assaulted, being a part of this trial and revealing Robert Hadden's sexual assault on me has been the single most difficult life experience I have ever encountered. I truly came to understand the meaning of the word victim. It has truly taken every ounce of courage I have to stand up for justice. But in doing so, I come to truly understand (or, am beginning to understand) that the demons are not in me, the failure is not mine, but the demon is Robert Hadden, and it has taken so much strength to do my part to hold this demon of a human being accountable.

I implore the Court to understand that sexual violence is a trauma which for me becomes a part of my legacy which should absolutely never have occurred. For me this crime will never be reconciled with a prison term which will set a man free at the end of it. Instead, I am forever defined by this tragic sexual violence which was inflicted upon me by a man in a white coat, Robert Hadden.

Respectfully,

[REDACTED]
a/k/a Kate Evans

Victim Impact Statement 3: Robyn Bass Lavender

Victim Impact Statement for Robert Hadden Sentencing
From Robyn Bass Lavender

By email to USANYS.HaddenSentencing@usdoj.gov – May 29, 2023

Dear Judge Berman,

Thank you for giving me an opportunity to share how I have been personally impacted by the crimes that Robert Hadden committed.

I was one of Robert Hadden's patients for almost 15 years. He was my first gynecologist, and he delivered my first child. I had approximately 50 medical appointments with him over the years, all of which contained some element of predatory grooming and sexual abuse. It's not an easy thing to process how my doctor – who I trusted with my life and the life of my child – abused his power and repeatedly took advantage of his position and my vulnerability for his own deviant desires.

It is still impossible for me to comprehend that I was groomed for years by a sexual predator who was hiding behind (and protected by) the prestige of Columbia University, his medical degree, his colleagues, and his white coat. I am still coming to terms with what Robert Hadden did, and I am still sorting through the preposterous things he convinced me to believe. I am still struggling to understand how I became the victim of sexual abuse, how I so terribly misjudged my situation, and how I didn't realize what was happening to me.

Now that I know that my own doctor sexually abused me for years, I cannot possibly trust my choices or other people in the same naïve way I did before. If this could happen to me once, maybe it will happen again. If my decision making was so wrong once, maybe it will be again. Robert Hadden has caused me to forever question my judgment and has left me unable to fully trust my doctors.

I don't think anyone believes that there's any chance that Robert Hadden can be rehabilitated, lead a productive life, or contribute to society in any positive way. His crimes have had a direct impact on the hundreds (and, more likely, thousands) of women who he abused. All of us, and our families, have been irreparably harmed by him.

Robert Hadden got away with his horrific crimes for far too long. He needs to be held accountable for the immeasurable harm that he inflicted. He deserves to be punished to the maximum extent that the law allows, and I sincerely hope you will do that when you sentence him in July. His sentence needs to send a clear message to all sexual predators (and their protectors) that this criminal behavior is not going to be overlooked, swept under the rug, and hidden any longer. Sentencing Robert Hadden to the maximum allowable time is the only way to effectively send that message.

Thank you for providing a forum for me to be heard and for treating all the victims with respect, dignity, and compassion throughout the case. I am incredibly appreciative of all that you, and everyone involved in bringing this case to justice, have done.

Sincerely,

Robyn Bass Lavender

August 6, 2023
Jane Kim

Personal Impact Statement

The list that follows summarizes the impact of this case on my life due Hadden's actions:

1. Sought counseling services from multiple psychologists to deal with the depression and anxiety associated with my experience.
2. Trauma and depression from this case were one of the main reasons for the downfall of my first marriage which led to divorce.
3. Continuous anxiety when seeing physicians in the ordinary course of my life over the last 11 years.
4. The stress and anxiety was one of the major issues that prevented me from conceiving children in my current marriage, to the point where I had to spend over \$100,000 on IVF procedures multiple times to conceive my children.
5. Continuous need for depression and anxiety medication which has been taken on a daily basis.

With regard to my participation in the prosecution and Hadden case, my major involvement has been as follows:

1. One of the original 4 claimants in the Hadden case, involved in the litigation and prosecution for roughly 12 years.
2. Met in person with the NY District Attorney Prosecutors' office during Hadden's original prosecution roughly 3-4 times.
3. Testified in front of the Grand Jury in Hadden's original prosecution.
4. Compounded stress and anxiety by the NY Prosecutor's office to let Hadden off with an effective "slap on the wrist" as a result of his initial NYS prosecution.
5. Interviewed by Federal Prosecutors and FBI on multiple occasions.
6. Deposed in person by Columbia's lawyers on multiple occasions.

I would appreciate the consideration of all of the above factors in any decisions that are made considering his sentencing.

I am available to answer any additional questions the court might have.

Thank you very much.

Victim Impact Statement 5: Victim-20

May 29, 2023

Dear Judge Berman,

I am writing this letter at nearly the last hour for acceptance of submissions to you, which is June 1st. The task of detailing Robert Hadden's injuries to me has loomed in my mind for months now. I've completed that task before—in a three page letter of complaint to Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in 1994 and in a four page missive to the Special Master who oversaw allocations in the civil court cases against Columbia last year—but it doesn't seem to get easier and the years bring new harms.

I had one appointment with Robert Hadden in October of 1993. I never returned to his practice. His initial conversation with me in his office—he behind a desk and I fully clothed in a comfortable chair—lasted 25 or 30 minutes and was relaxed and comfortable. Upon reflection, I came to see he had a gift of making himself personable and disarming. During our conversation I found him friendly, warm and reassuring; I'd had a difficult first pregnancy and was now expecting my second child and looking for an obstetrician near my home—Hadden seemed like a great match for my needs.

The exam that followed, however, was anything but friendly or reassuring. He molested, violated and humiliated me. I questioned what he was doing at multiple stages of the exam and he always had a quick reply to allay my concerns. When I left his office I felt naked, ashamed and deeply confused. Hadden worked for Columbia Presbyterian, a world class teaching hospital. He *had* to be a good doctor, didn't he? But later that day the realization came suddenly: I'd been grossly abused by a physician.

That experience left a pall on my pregnancy. I knew I had to write a letter of complaint to the hospital, but I put it off until a week before my daughter was to be delivered. Writing it—given the kinds of specific details I felt it necessary to supply—amounted to a kind of torture, recounting a deeply mortifying experience for the hospital's chief of ob/gyn and their risk management office, all of which I imagined to be staffed by men. It felt like exposing my body to them as Hadden had exposed it and used it for his perverted desires, which I have come to see were desires to dominate, humiliate, and inflict pain upon women who were in no position to argue with him or say no. Women in an exceptionally vulnerable circumstance that no one would place herself in without the utmost trust in the physician to do no harm.

A week after my appointment, Dr. Hadden telephoned me to say my lab tests had been normal. I froze with immediate fear at the sound of his voice and his "Hello, this is Bob Hadden," as if we were friends. He called me for no clear reason—what doctor calls to say lab results are normal, especially when I had voiced no serious concerns?—but in that moment I could hardly think and felt rooted to the spot. Finally I managed to blurt out that I was going back to my former obstetrician and wasn't coming back to his

practice, then hung up on him. I couldn't believe he had called me, that he had my phone number and, obviously, must have my address too. This perverted and powerful man had been *thinking* about me over the past week. *Fantasizing, what?*

In the aftermath of my encounter with Hadden, one of the things I felt most bothered by was his decision to begin abusing me at my very first (and, thankfully, only) appointment. The reason this bothered me was that he was so smooth in his examination style, so practiced in his maneuvers outside of normal protocols that I knew he had to have molested many many patients; he seemed exceptionally well practiced, an expert at deviant behavior in an exam room. And it seemed to me that if he treated every patient he saw on the first appointment the way he had treated me he simply wouldn't have many patients. He'd have a drastically limited practice because, while he might fool some patients, he wouldn't fool all that many and they wouldn't come back. I reasoned he had to slowly draw them in. But he had not waited to draw me in.

Why had he chosen to assault me *immediately* upon making my acquaintance? Why had he telephoned me? What was it that made me seem such an appealing target. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] What had made Hadden look at me and, apparently, instantly think he'd found his ideal victim? Was I wearing some kind of invisible sign that said *Rape me?*

I still wonder that. And I feel, at times, still, although I know it is irrational, *guilty* for whatever about me betrays all women by appearing weak or naive . . . or whatever. I know I am not naive and wasn't then, nor would many people ever call me weak, but something about me, when I stop and think, still feels wrong, inescapably wrong, in a way I can't define.

I was haunted by those thoughts during my pregnancy and by a feeling of exposure and shame. I was continuously depressed during those months, but I knew I still had to write my letter of complaint. Otherwise, if no one who could complain did so, many other women would be forced to suffer completely unnecessarily from an experience like mine. I can't describe how I shrank into myself again and again, cringing and sobbing while keyboarding and revising that letter. When I'd finished my work, the doing of which constituted a true ordeal, I wouldn't even let my husband read it. I usually save a copy of all my correspondence—I consider it an ironclad rule—but I couldn't bear to save a physical copy of that letter that could conceivably be read by my children or other family at some distant future date, so I finally saved it to the hard drive of my computer with the label "Hadden." Nobody, I figured, would ever go searching an old computer hard drive, but at least I hadn't erased it.

(That letter proved to be a key piece of evidence in developing the civil case against Columbia and, as I understand it, in helping federal prosecutors establish the probable cause they needed for search warrants of Hadden's records and home.)

Just a few days after I had my baby I received a reply to my letter from Columbia Presbyterian's acting head of obstetrics and gynecology, Dr. Harold Fox. He assured me that he took my complaints very seriously and would be talking with Dr. Hadden right away. He emphatically promised to get back to me soon.

Only he never got back to me. Instead, I was left to wonder how Dr. Hadden had destroyed my credibility, what he'd said about me that made Dr. Fox now too embarrassed or uncomfortable to speak with me, too embarrassed or uncomfortable by what he'd have to tell me about myself, about why he'd determined I was not, after all, a credible witness to my own experience. I felt beyond humiliated.

Was it that I had found my former obstetrician less than comforting when I developed hyperemesis and other complications during my first pregnancy and so, in addition to needing someone closer to home, had planned to leave her practice for a new doctor? Was it that I'd admitted to a serious but short bout of postpartum depression after my first baby's birth? Was it my conservative, extremely modest manner of dressing? Was it the fact that I am from [REDACTED]? That I'd had a previous LEEP procedure?

What had Hadden said to Dr. Fox about me? He must have used one or more of these facts to convey an idea of who I was, what kind of person I was, that was inaccurate but nonetheless damning: *I was easily put off or offended by doctors. I was mentally unstable. I was probably a Mormon and sexually backward; indeed my way of dressing conveyed a repressed or paranoid, heavily cloaked sexuality—of course I'd been offended by a gynecological exam. I was naive, particularly about medical practices.* Or maybe he had mentioned the LEEP as a sort of aside, or perhaps he'd held it in reserve should he need it if he had to face me—surely a Mormon woman wouldn't want to discuss the likelihood of her having HPV with a crowd of male doctors at a medical hearing. Somehow I've always felt my having had a LEEP procedure increased my appeal to Hadden, either in itself (I decades later learned he performed numerous unnecessary LEPPs on at least one woman) or as a potential form of blackmail.

What I learned from all this was a behavior that stayed with me for at least twenty years or more, that of hiding information that ought rightly have been shared with doctors. I have a complex medical history, but it has been my practice to hide what happens or is discovered in one medical office with one doctor from any other doctor that attends me. In recent years, the sharing of computer records has become very common among physician groups and the state's main hospital organization, so that practice has collapsed—and no harm done—but for years it caused me stress just keeping straight what one doctor did or did not know and should or should not be made aware of concerning my health or experiences relevant to my health. I had this perpetual feeling that doctors huddled behind patient's backs, finding ways to dismiss them, not only as patients but as people with valid knowledge of their own bodies and their own lives. If I couldn't prove with overwhelming evidence that I had a valid medical concern, I stayed quiet about it. In 2003, that practice landed me in an ER with a 100% blockage of my

left kidney by a stone that resulted in excruciating hydronephrosis and a ruptured kidney—during my oldest child's high school graduation ceremony.

I also avoided seeing male gynecologists, something that caused me great trouble when I had a positive pap test (administered by a female GP) in [REDACTED] and required a second cervical biopsy and LEEP procedure. [REDACTED] where I lived, had no female gynecologists at this time and I was forced to see a man. The two procedures were so psychologically upsetting I vowed that if I ever had another bad pap smear I would opt for a hysterectomy—major surgery—rather than undergo these office procedures again. I was supposed to get a pap test at least once a year because of my previous positive test, but I often put it off for two or even three years (cervical cancer grows slowly), only getting the test because I had children and, for their sakes, couldn't afford to die of a curable disease.

Going to the gynecologist always robbed me of three days—a day of dread, the day of the appointment and general swamping by shame and feelings of violation and exposure, and a day to recover from the ordeal. During this time I never processed my experience in Hadden's exam room with anybody, neither with my husband (whom I'd told about the predatory exam when it happened) nor with a friend, nor with a therapist. Rather, I kept all of it private. It didn't even occur to me that talking about these unspeakable things might help me feel better.

The worst fallout from my appointment with Robert Hadden, though, didn't occur until roughly fifteen years after the event. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Mostly what I wanted was for my face not to be visible to my husband because tears would be coming from my eyes; sometimes I could keep from sniffling, but not very well. Often, I would choke on an awful stifled but clearly audible sob. I'm sure my husband knew each time I was swamped in tears, but we pretended to one another, for our own reasons, that he didn't know.

I felt like my voice was paralyzed. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I could say nothing.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] My second child once said,

"Something is wrong with our house. It is like the air weighs too much." But I couldn't say anything other than, "We have too much illness."

Nothing can restore that time or heal the sadness of those years— [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Of all my regrets in life, those years contain the greatest ones because I take the blame for my inability to dislodge Hadden from my mind [REDACTED]. In recent years I've tried to begin anew, but I can neither give those years back to my husband, nor, even worse, to our children who grew up in an atmosphere that felt, in some ways, practically suffocating to us all.

Then came January 2020 when I happened to watch a short news clip about Evelyn Yang suing a doctor or hospital over a sexual assault when she was pregnant. And that doctor was Robert Hadden. I sent an email to a reporter who'd written about Yang's case, asking for the name of Yang's attorney. That is how I was introduced to Anthony DePietro. I told him he might be interested in the letter from Dr. Harold Fox that I had saved all these years and told him my original letter of complaint to Dr. Fox was somewhere on a hard drive stored on my property. If he had the means to look for Fox's letter among boxes of my papers, and to search ancient hard drives, he was welcome to do so.

My outrage at learning that Hadden had been allowed to practice an additional eighteen years after receiving my letter was extreme. I had suffered the writing of that letter for the express purpose of helping prevent, for as many women as possible, the sexual violation I had experienced on Hadden's exam table. I have since met some of the women I would have saved such grief and I am overcome by how unnecessary all this trauma has been; the women are all much younger than I and my feelings for those I've met are, more than anything, maternal, protective. Dozens and dozens of women I could perhaps have done more to preserve from such injury: couldn't I have sought out Dr. Fox, in person, at the hospital and demanded some kind of action? *Couldn't I?*

Since that time, I appeared on CNN to help publicize the discovery of the letters and the lawsuit against Columbia, and after my appearance an additional 130 or more women eventually came forward, so that personal exposure was well worth the pain. I also underwent a two hour interview by the FBI in which I was again required to discuss in great detail my experience with Hadden, but that facilitated opening the criminal case against him and again justified the pain.

During much of 2020 I had Hadden so constantly in my mind I would start crying at what seemed to be nothing, was nothing. Just tears would suddenly come. And then every old and bad memory seemed repeatedly brought to the surface. I had to answer questions verbally from my lawyer, TV reporters and prosecutors, and fill out a detailed questionnaire for the lawsuit and last year write a similarly detailed letter to the Special Master appointed in that suit. I have pondered appearing publicly in court on the day of Victim Impact Statements but have decided to write privately to you instead.

Robert Hadden is a serial sex predator. I can't see any reason he should be treated differently by the criminal justice system from a man who has broken into hundreds of homes or overtaken hundreds of women walking alone in a dark to rape or otherwise violate and terrorize them. And he has done it thousands of times with women the law knows of and others who either feel they can't bear to come forward or who have no knowledge of this case or the ongoing civil suits, which have not been highly publicized—I would never have known anything about the civil action had I not happened to see a random four minute segment of the news with Evelyn Yang on Youtube.

Indeed, it seems to me that Hadden is in some ways worse than the criminal predator who lurks in the dark. He has undertaken his myriad forms of sexual battery under the cover of institutional approval and recommendation, gaslighting his victims so they believe any injury or shame or confusion they feel belong to *them* and are based on imaginary assaults to their bodily autonomy. Functioning in a position of highest trust, he has, in great measure, shredded every reason a woman might have to trust *any* male conducting a gynecological exam.

Trust forms the foundation of our social order. We must trust schools to teach real mathematics, the actual alphabet, validated science; we must trust that money we use to engage in trade is backed by things of real value—worker capacity, material goods, property, services; we must trust the people who engineer roads and bridges and buildings if we've to use or live in these structures; we must trust our spouses and parents and children to remain bonded with us in mutual protection and nurture; we must trust police to protect and not murder; we must trust air traffic controllers and pilots to ensure planes don't collide but fly safely from point to point; we must trust legislators to enact just laws and judges to interpret and enforce them fairly; we must trust physicians not only to have mastered medical knowledge and skills but to exercise their powers for our health and wellbeing, never for prurient gratification.

Any betrayal of the innumerable forms of trust we must grant to others if society is to continue its proper functioning tears at the social fabric, working to weaken our willing and orderly participation in the everyday world of communities and even nations. In America trust has waned in the institutions that used to be foundations of the social order. On many sides, we see trust broken and our social fabric appears dangerously frayed. By writing a Victim Impact Statement I am saying I will not retreat but will continue to participate in the life that all of us inescapably share, knowing that our criminal justice system is yet another institution requiring my trust—and daring to believe that my trust will not be misplaced.

I am sincerely yours,

[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 6: Charlotte Brooks*

June 20, 2023

Judge Richard S. Berman
U.S. District

Subject: Impact Statement - Sentencing of Dr. Robert Hadden

Your Honor,

I am writing to provide a victim impact statement in the case of Dr. Robert Hadden, who has been found guilty of abusing patients, myself included. It took many tears and a ton of courage to walk into that courtroom, stand in front of him, and testify. I was so ashamed and embarrassed... saying out loud what he had done to me was overwhelming. As a victim of his heinous actions, I would like to express the profound and lasting impact his abuse has had on my life and the lives of others. It is my hope that by sharing my experience, you will gain insight into the devastation caused by Dr. Hadden and consider the significance of a just and meaningful sentencing.

When I sought medical care from Dr. Hadden, I placed my trust in his expertise, believing that he would act in my best interests and provide the necessary care. Instead, he took advantage of my vulnerability, exploiting his trusted position to subject me to unspeakable abuse. The physical and emotional trauma inflicted upon me has left deep scars that continue to affect my daily life.

The abuse I experienced shattered my sense of self-worth, I was tortured by the thought for years that I was the only one, that I did something wrong. Then the guilt that washed over me when I learned how many victims fell prey to him. I tortured myself again, thinking I could have stopped him if only I had not been so ashamed, devastated and scared. This abuse ignited in me the inability to trust other, and feelings of powerlessness. It has impacted my relationships, causing strain with loved ones who struggle to understand the depth of my pain. I have suffered from anxiety, nightmares, and a fear of medical settings, which at one point severely limited my ability to seek the necessary care and support for my ongoing health needs.

Dr. Hadden's abuse has not only affected my life, but the lives of countless others who have fallen victim to his despicable acts. We share a common bond of pain and trauma, united by the knowledge that our trust was violated by someone we believed would prioritize our well-being. The aftermath of his actions has resulted in a loss of faith in the medical system and a profound sense of injustice.

Your Honor, I implore you to consider the devastating consequences of Dr. Hadden's actions when determining his sentencing. The impact of his abuse extends far beyond physical and emotional harm; it has shattered lives, fractured trust, and caused immeasurable suffering. It is my sincere hope that you will deliver a sentencing that reflects the severity of his crimes, prioritizes the well-being of the victims, and sends a resounding message that such acts of abuse will never be tolerated.

Thank you for your attention to this matter and for providing me with the opportunity to share my perspective. Your honor, I trust in your wisdom and commitment to justice, and I hope that the sentencing of Dr. Robert Hadden will bring some measure of closure and healing to myself and the other survivors.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 7: Marissa Hoechstetter

Victim Impact Statement for the Sentencing of Robert A. Hadden

To: Justice Richard M. Berman

From: Marissa J. Hoechstetter

Submitted June 2023

Your Honor,

I am deeply saddened to not be able to be in person to deliver this statement and bear witness to the other women who will share statements at Robert Hadden's sentencing. By continually asking for special accommodations and delays he is dragging this out until the bitter end. Even now after he was found guilty, he continues to deflect responsibility for what he did. It is my most sincere hope that your sentencing will finally make it abundantly clear to him that what he did was exceedingly wrong, that a human being's bodily autonomy matters, and that he can no longer escape accountability for his actions.

Victim impact statements are supposed to describe the emotional, physical, and financial impact of the perpetrator's crimes. Robert Hadden's abuse in 2011 and 2012 profoundly changed my life. He ruined the memories of my one pregnancy and childbirth. His greed and dysfunction stole things from my physical body and my mental health. I have spent more than a decade engaged in regular therapy, have had to take multiple leaves of absence from my job, and have struggled with anxiety, insomnia, disordered eating, and depression. I used to use running as a way to handle my rage and ran so much at one point that I fractured my hip and was on crutches for months. I gave up my anonymity and my family's privacy and spent thousands of dollars in travel and other expenses in order to seek justice and let other victims know they weren't alone. I lost time with my growing children because I was away advocating for myself and others or was mentally unable to support them. I could go on for pages and pages about how his actions forever altered my life but honestly I don't want to give him the privilege of reading the details and believing that he still has any power over me. He has no power and never will again.

My relationship with the trauma I experienced has dulled a bit - not because of the passage of time but because I wake up every day committed to not letting someone else's actions define me. I have to live with the memory of his beard on my labia, his tongue in my vagina, and his hands on my breasts. I have to live with the fact that those same hands cut open my abdomen and delivered my two daughters. Despite it all, I want to thrive and lead and raise two young women who can do the same. It is my responsibility to ensure that I do not pass my trauma onto the next generation. This is no small feat but I am fortunate to have a lot of help and support; not everyone has that.

Still, my pain and suffering isn't what is most important at this moment. This sentencing is not about how badly Hadden's actions hurt me or hundreds if not thousands of others. It is about the fact that he was found guilty on all four counts of enticing his former patients into the state to engage in illegal sexual activity. The extent and range of his crimes and the abuse of his

position of extraordinary privilege demands nothing less than holding him accountable to the fullest extent of the law. I trust that you will use your powers to do just that. His actions - against even just one person - require nothing less.

I have now witnessed Hadden in two different courts; something only a tiny fraction of victims of sexual assault get to see. I was there when he pleaded guilty in state court and I was in your courtroom when the jury found him guilty on all counts. Both of these times were not for the crimes he committed against me. And, because of antiquated statutes of limitation and the framework of our justice system, I will never have that opportunity. I have made my peace with that and consider my public facing efforts to hold Robert Hadden accountable an incredible accomplishment.

The world has finally seen a fuller picture of Hadden's decades of sexual abuse and the institutional cowardice that protected and enabled him for so long. His former employers and enablers continue to evade any real accountability. I will never stop working to correct the system that harms those it is meant to protect. While this verdict and your forthcoming sentence cannot undo the harm that Hadden and his employers caused hundreds of women and girls over decades, it does send a strong message that what happened was wrong and that survivors' voices do matter. The shame is his and his enablers to carry.

It is critical that Hadden's sentencing reinforces these messages - for the four women covered in this indictment, for the hundreds of women who've come forward to say he abused them too, for the thousands of former patients we've yet to hear from and may never know. Every single survivor matters. We matter regardless of the extent of his abuse, regardless of our reaction or journey to healing, regardless of any outcomes or punishments.

Victim Impact Statement 8: Victim-41

From: [REDACTED]
To: [USANYS-HaddenSentencing](#)
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Victim Impact Statement ***PLEASE REDACT MY NAME AND PII FROM PUBLIC FILINGS**
Date: Saturday, May 27, 2023 4:10:11 PM

Good Afternoon,

My name is [REDACTED]. Please find my Victim Impact Statement below.

Dear Judge Berman,

I am writing to you almost 30 years to the date when at the age of 19, I had my first office visit, and was sexually abused by Robert Hadden for the first time.

The abuse I suffered at the hands of Mr. Hadden changed the trajectory of my life. It has affected my ability to have relationships, as well as my mental and physical health. It has taken many years for me to be able to articulate how his actions made me feel. As an almost 50 year old, I now have the language. Mr. Hadden abused my trust. He made me feel ashamed of my body. I felt powerless as he had free reign under the guise of providing medical care to inappropriately touch me, and satisfy his urges. In his practice, he positioned himself to have easy access to women and girls, like myself, who were seeing a gynecologist for the first time. I still get very anxious when I have to see a Doctor, all thanks to Mr. Hadden. From his arrest, to the guilty verdict, to his remand to jail, each step of the way I've been able to slightly exhale a little more. His sentencing is the final step, and while it won't make what happened to me go away, it will provide closure, in knowing that he can no longer harm anyone else.

Thank you.

--
[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 9: Victim-62

U. S. Attorney's Office
Southern District of New York
One St. Andrew's Plaza New York, NY 10007
ATTN: Lara Pomerantz, AUSA
USANYS.HaddenSentencing@usdoj.gov
Please email or mail all statements by June 1, 2023

May 31, 2023

The Honorable Richard M. Berman
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, NY 10007

Dear Honorable Richard M. Berman.,

Thank you for allowing us, the victims, the opportunity to have our voices heard.

In [REDACTED] I graduated from college and moved to New York City as a young 21-year-old woman. After months of waitressing, I began a full-time job, where I asked colleagues for gynecologist recommendations. As I was new to the city and had no previous experience selecting a doctor of this kind, I relied on referrals.

Dr. Robert Hadden was a name provided, accompanied by assurance that his association with Columbia Presbyterian, "one of the best ob-gyn departments in NYC", made him an in-demand "top doctor". I was able to make an appointment and thus began a decade's worth of grooming, physical, emotional, and psychological abuse.

I have since battled extreme depression, anxiety, panic attacks and continue with trauma therapy.

The grooming first began by giving me free birth control pills as "I was young" and "he wanted to help me save money." That was followed by offering to be my dermatologist, again, under the guise of helping me "save money and time." Triggered almost daily, I can see the images of him bending me over, naked, to conduct 'mole checks' or 'spine checks' while tracing my body with his bare hands or sometimes with a pen-like device. I remember the extremely painful and intrusive vaginal and anal exams due to a "backward-tipped uterus" or "wanting to be thorough."

During every appointment, there were moments when I would be left alone in the room with Dr. Robert Hadden. I remember the countless, prolonged, and unnecessary breast examinations while asking me questions about my life, attempting to normalize his behavior. Afterward, he would always ask me to follow him into his office, where he would comment on my body or ask intrusive questions regarding my private sexual life, all while writing the prescriptions I needed from him before I could leave.

And most clearly, I will never forget the day he assaulted me in his closed-door office. After commenting on my body "getting back to normal" and "looking good," he jumped up, pulled me into an embrace, put my back against the closed door, and kissed me.

I question every moment of "care" received during those years, including everything to do with my two pregnancies. Living in survivor mode has not only taken a toll on my physical and mental health but also on those I love most. My son overheard me speaking about my experience; when I walked into the room he was crying, got up, and hugged me saying he was so sorry that happened. I am having difficulty putting into words how terrible that moment was for both of us.

I have felt many emotions of the years- anger, disgust, shame, stupid, confused, self-loathing, naive, numb, the list goes on. With Robert Hadden's sentencing I am hoping, just maybe, I start to feel closure.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 10: Victim-63

Victim Impact Statement, [REDACTED] on May 31, 2023

U. S. Attorney's Office
Southern District of New York
One St. Andrew's Plaza New York, NY 10007
ATTN: Lara Pomerantz, AUSA
USANYS.HaddenSentencing@usdoj.gov

Dear Honorable Judge Richard M. Berman,

I attended Hadden's criminal trial and shortly after the jury's guilty verdict, I gave testimony that Robert Hadden sexually assaulted me two days before the birth of my first-born son. The experience being in the courtroom and giving testimony was emotionally intense and powerful. I was surrounded by incredibly brave women that came forward and inspired me to do so. It was the first time I was using my voice and speaking out publicly on sexual assault. I'm grateful for this opportunity to heal and to hold Hadden accountable for his actions. I felt heard, validated, and supported –that my story and the collective voices of women survivors of sexual assault truly mattered. Hadden was given a plea deal in 2016, but that didn't happen this time. This time, justice was served and survivors rejoiced.

I'm submitting a written victim impact statement to the court because I understand that survivors' stories can influence the sentencing proceedings. The main concern that I would like to bring to the court's attention, that was not addressed in the trial, is that Hadden physically harmed his patients. Hadden is a sadist who enjoys inflicting pain and harm on women, of sexual nature, and especially those most vulnerable. My statement supports that Hadden inflicts pain and harm on others; and therefore, should receive the maximum sentence.

Robert Hadden was my first OBGYN, I started seeing him in my mid- 20's and was his patient for nearly ten years. I trusted Hadden with my health and wellbeing. I trusted him with my annual women's health exams, one pregnancy that resulted in a miscarriage, and one successful pregnancy. I chose Hadden as my OBGYN because I was impressed with his credentials and Columbia University's prestige. Hadden was "a sexual predator in a white coat" and used his position to build trust with his patients so he could harm them. He told me that his mentor's team discovered the RhoGam shot in the 1960s which made it possible for women like me, that were Rh negative to have successful pregnancies that might have otherwise resulted in miscarriages. I was vulnerable because I was young, unaware of the standard of OBGYN care, and I really wanted to have a child after a miscarriage. Hadden made me believe that he was the only OBGYN that I could ever trust.

Over the years, Hadden used several grooming tactics. He informed me that my uterus tilted back and that he would have to "reach further to properly exam me". He asked me probing questions about anal sex. I had a miscarriage (approximately [REDACTED]) and Hadden administered a D&C surgery while I was under anesthesia. I was emotionally distraught and he would comfort and say "the silver lining is that you can get pregnant" and gave me the confidence that I would

have a successful pregnancy under his care. In [REDACTED], I became pregnant and saw Hadden for more than sixteen visits. I was not a high-risk pregnancy and these office visits exceeded the standard of care. During these regular visits, I had routine lengthy breast exams and vaginal exams every visit, even throughout my pregnancy. There is one horrific incident, two days before I gave birth to my first-born son, that continues to haunt me.

On [REDACTED] at approximately [REDACTED], at the Columbia OBGYN office located at 51 W 51st St, New York, NY 10019 Hadden inflicted pain and harm on me during a routine exam. I went to the appointment with my husband at the time, now ex-husband. I was 40 weeks pregnant. While I was waiting for Hadden, my mucus plug dropped in the office-room bathroom. My ex-husband and I were thrilled that we were closer to the birth of our first child. Hadden entered the room without a nurse present and looked excited. I thought Hadden was excited about the birth, but perhaps it was his excitement at an opportunity to inflict pain. Hadden escorted me behind the curtain away from my husband's view. Hadden proceeded to give me an exam under the guise of checking my cervix. That's when it happened. He forcefully used his hands, forced his fist inside my vagina, and physically harmed me. It felt that he was ripping me apart and tearing my insides, lifting me off the exam table. This led me to scream and cry out in pain. Soon after, Hadden abruptly left the room and never returned.

My ex-husband heard me cry out in pain and came over to comfort me. He noticed that I was triggered by the incident and was concerned. He asked me "Are you o.k.?" I told him that I was in a lot of pain. The pain Hadden inflicted on me was more intense than labor and childbirth and I gave birth without an epidural. My ex-husband asked "Do you feel violated?" I answered "Yes". I felt violated and I was confused because I didn't know if Hadden was trying to stimulate the birth. I wasn't sure if this was a routine medical procedure. Why didn't Hadden explain to me what he was doing and that it was going to cause me so much pain? I left the office confused, violated, furious – and it was emotionally and physically intense and my labor was imminent.

I got dressed and we left the office, speechless. I couldn't eat and I couldn't sit down because the pain was lingering. I was confused, ashamed, and doubting my own judgement. This was one of the moments in my life that I tried to erase from my consciousness. The thought that Hadden sexually assaulted me and could have harmed my baby was so terrible that I repressed it. Both my ex-husband and I turned our focus to my progressing labor. I gave birth in less than 2 days from the incident with Hadden. Hadden did not deliver my son because he was not on call during my birth. His name does not appear on the birth certificate. However, after the incident, I continued to see Hadden for postpartum care.

The expert witness on sexual assault trauma during the court session, helped me to understand why I went back to Hadden after he sexually assaulted me. Hadden assaulted me during one of the most beautiful moments of my life, during my labor and moments before I first met my son. I repressed the assault and trauma. I wanted to preserve the beauty of my birth story, but the reality was that it was associated with pain, violence, and sexual assault by a doctor whom I trusted. When I decided to speak out publicly, I told my 11-year-old son that his mom was hurt

by someone years ago, that he's no longer a threat to our family, and that he will be sentenced to prison. I explained that mom has to use her voice to advocate to make sure that something bad like this will never happen to girls and women. If Hadden receives the maximum sentence then he will never be able to commit sexual assault and physical harm on others. This will ensure that this will never happen again.

Victim Impact Statement 11: Victim 60

Victim Impact Statement

31 May 2023

I would like my name and contact information to be redacted.

I was a patient of Hadden's for years. He and his practice were recommended to me by my sister-in-law, who had trusted Hadden as her OBGYN. He delivered my first baby, saw me post-partum, supervised the start of my second pregnancy, and saw me post-partum again. During this time as a patient of Hadden's, there was one particular incident; one event that deeply unsettled me and that caused me decades of self-doubt.

One day I went for a routine OBGYN appointment with Hadden. With the exam table and foot saddles, I was angled in a way that the paper sheet obscured my view and my short stature did not allow me visibility of the exam. I heard the snap of what I thought was a glove and I waited. I didn't think much of it at the time, but as I sat there and waited, the more I felt the pelvic exam was taking an unusually long time. At one point I tried to look up to see what was going on, and he reassured me that it was almost done. So I continued to wait, telling myself I was being impatient, reassuring myself that he's the doctor and he knows what he's doing. During the exam a nurse opened the door to come in but then ran out after a quick glance. It occurred to me later that a nurse should have been in the room, but during this exam, there was none. He used the speculum. Finally the exam ended, and there were no unusual findings, complications, or explanations for what took so long. I left the exam room and went to the office where four nurses and healthcare workers were talking low; I remember the second they saw me step into the room, the ladies went suddenly and uncomfortably silent. Again, I didn't know what to think of it, so I tried not to let it bother me.

But it did bother me, continuously and involuntarily until this day. During my time under the "care" of Hadden, I believed I was in good hands. So when the incident occurred, I denied my instinct that something was wrong; I trusted the institution that trusted this doctor. I believed in the oath taken by doctors to "First do no harm". Years later when I saw there were charges against him, I knew; something truly had been wrong with that visit. I was angry with myself for not trusting my instincts and believing what I knew was true. For me, it was the beginning of years of questioning myself. I denied the reality that I let it happen and wouldn't believe that I allowed myself to be taken advantage of. My denial was a way of protecting myself... from the truth that I could be that vulnerable.

How did this impact me and my family? It starts and ends with trust. Trust in a reputable institution. Trust in their doctors. Trust in humanity. It continues with diminished trust in one's self and a lack of trust to move forward. An instinct of questioning myself which is passed to my children. This incident has

led to a lifetime of a complicated relationship with the medical system that might take some therapy and time to unpack.

Over the years it's continued to bother me. Growing up nearby, Columbia and NY Presbyterian have always been intertwined in my life. Family had surgeries performed and babies born at this institution for over 43 years. My three children were born at NYP and I almost lost my life there after delivering twins but was saved by the amazing team in the Cardiac ICU. To this day, my family and extended family are cared for and treated by physicians at Columbia Presbyterian. But as recently as a few weeks ago, I brought my uncle to a doctor's appointment at the Herbert Irving Pavilion on the 4th floor. I recognized the space from my time at the GYN and couldn't help but think, that's where it all happened. Even writing this, I could barely bring myself to do it or talk about it until the last day.

When I think of it now, it makes me angry. Hadden is a predator that was hiding in this trusted institution. He took advantage of his place within those walls. Those who knew of his crimes knowingly used the institution to cover these discrepancies of what they stand for versus what actually happened.

Acknowledging their mistakes and having them take ownership gives me the opportunity to move forward. It is time to trust in the law.

Regards,

[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 12: Victim-69

Dear Judge Berman,

As I prepared to write this and thought about how I was impacted by the defendant, I couldn't help but wonder what my life would have been like had I trusted myself the first time I met him and there was no nurse in the room with us. I thought that was unusual for an OB/GYN but I doubted myself instead and thought "I must be wrong - it must not be unusual." Or when he invited me into his office so we could "talk" and I thought "that's never happened to me with any other doctor before - is that strange?" But again, I doubted myself even though alarm bells went off.

But what I know now is that the defendant chose his victims carefully and I fit the profile perfectly. I didn't trust my alarm bells. Instead I questioned myself. I was vulnerable, newly pregnant, my mother just died suddenly and I felt lost. I also didn't have a lot of prior experience with a gynecologist so I had nothing to compare it to except it was probably going to be miserable. And so it began...

I saw the defendant for many years having no idea what he was doing to me was as abusive as it was. Don't get me wrong. The breast exams were excruciatingly long and uncomfortable. The internal exams were very painful. But the defendant told me it was because I had prior breast biopsies so I was at high risk. He told me I was "tight." He said during the breast exam "I know you don't like this..."

He told me I was HPV positive even though I wasn't so I would come for more frequent Pap smears. He told me I would never be able to wear a bikini again. He told me I was fat. I could go on and on but I think you see the picture. I learned to disassociate during the "exams." I felt like a failure when I left his office. I felt shame. I was at one of the best hospitals in the country. I never questioned whether they employed the best doctors, I was sure they did. That's why I continued to go there and I continued to see the defendant. I never talked about it. I just assumed it was a "me" problem.

Today, I often wonder how extensive my damage is. Would I enjoy having my husband touch my breasts if not for the defendant's face flashing in front of me? Instead I cringe and tense up at the mere thought of being touched. I am ashamed of my body.

I go out of my way to only see female doctors. That's sometimes not possible. Would I not have a panic attack on the rare occasion I need to see a male doctor?

That's just the tip of iceberg Judge Berman.

Internally, the defendant took away my privacy, my intimacy, my confidence, my energy, my sexuality. On many days, I feel paralyzed. On other days, I'm angry or sad. But I also need to find a way to hide my secrets from my children and most of the world which on some days is a very difficult task.

I wonder what joy he stole from me and my family as I have tried so hard to bury my secrets. No one will ever be able to measure what he took from me but I can tell you it's significant .

My goal is to get to the place where I can say the shame is on the defendant and not me but I'm not there yet. That's how I know I still have healing to do. I still feel like "I should have known," "could have," "why didn't I?" and on and on.

Today, I continue to try to reconcile the full impact his abuse had on me. It's a difficult journey because I do need to wake up, put on a happy face and go about my day. I can't be a victim all day long. But balancing Mom, wife, career, sister, aunt, friend and every other role I am thrust into on a daily basis is difficult enough, I should not have not have to manage the after effects of "victim" as well because I chose what I thought was going to be exceptional health care. Shame on Columbia for turning a blind eye to what they knew was happening and to the defendant for abusing his power and hiding behind a white coat.

Thank you for your time and efforts in this case.

Victim Impact Statement 15: Victim-72

Victim Impact Statement

To Judge Berman:

It is still unbelievable to me that a convicted sexual predator touched my body. And it is still unforgiveable to me that Columbia Presbyterian Hospital allowed Robert Hadden to remain on its staff for as long as it did, knowing what this monster was doing. I will forever have to live with the memory of Hadden's dimly lit office, his face, his grin, his voice, his hands, his nasty, inappropriate behavior. Get over it? Doubt it. Because of Hadden, I will never, ever again seek OB-GYN services from a male physician. In fact, I am now uncomfortable and wary when alone in any exam room with any male physician. I will forever question the doctor. I will forever question the hospital.

I, along with Hadden's other victims, have waited a long time to see justice served. His sentence must provide just punishment for the vile, horrific offenses he committed. He does not deserve leniency, mercy or compassion. He will always be a threat to any community. For this reason, he needs to be removed from society for as long as the law allows and no less.

Thank you,

[Redacted]

From: [REDACTED]
To: [USANYS-HaddenSentencing](#)
Cc: [REDACTED]
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Robert Hadden Sentencing/Impact Statement
Date: Sunday, June 4, 2023 10:48:35 PM

6/4/23

The Honorable Richard M. Berman
United States District Judge

Dear Judge Berman,

I am one of Robert Hadden's victims. Thank you for letting my voice be heard in regards to Hadden's sentencing. I was about [REDACTED] years old when I became a patient of Dr. Hadden's. He knew I was fairly naive and inexperienced with going to gynecologists as well as with men, (from filling out the medical paperwork, and the questions I was asked). He preyed on my inexperience to assault me on the very first visit. He didn't use gloves, (and even apologized if his hands were cold). I even told my mother about how he didn't use gloves, and she said I must be mistaken, because they have to wear gloves. When he did breast exams they were for an extended period of time, (and more like groping). He would put his fingers deep inside of me and ask me if I could feel it, (it hurt and made me feel uncomfortable). Dr. Hadden also performed rectal exams on me without my permission, (I thought he was being thorough). I trusted this man with my health and when I became pregnant with the health of my unborn child. Judge Berman, I worked at Columbia University the same as Dr. Hadden, and he was brazen enough to abuse me. He would engage patients in small talk during exams to distract them and to gain trust. When my son was due, if I went home and had sex with my husband it probably put me into labor sooner. Shortly after my oldest son was born I knew something wasn't right, and switched to Dr. DeMarco.

The trauma I have endured since then has forever changed my life. I was diagnosed with anxiety, panic attacks, depression, and PTSD. I have been on several medications since [REDACTED] when I last went to Hadden. It directly affected my marriage which ended in divorce. Additionally, I ended up leaving Columbia University after working there for nine years. The fact that Columbia knew about this and let it continue has also traumatized me. I used to tell people it was the best place to work. Anyone who had a medical problem, I told them Columbia was the place to go for treatment. I can't even watch a commercial for Columbia without getting upset. Eventually, I had to sell my home in a short sale. What he did affected me emotionally, physically, financially, as well as my career at Columbia. Every time I go to a doctor I'm anxious, (I have trust issues).

Judge Berman, there are hundreds of us that he abused. Some were minors at the time. We don't get a second chance, we don't get time served, or a light sentence. We have to think about what was done to us every day. There is no getting away from it. Hadden is 64 years of age now. There is no rehabilitating him and letting him back into society. I am convinced if someone prominent didn't come forward about her abuse, he would still be abusing women. I am so grateful to her.

I would like my name and contact information redacted from any public filing.

Again, thank you for giving me a voice with my impact statement.

Sincerely,

A solid black rectangular box used to redact a handwritten signature.

Victim Impact Statement 15: Victim 75

From: [REDACTED]
To: [USANYS-HaddenSentencing](#)
Subject: [EXTERNAL] The written victim impact personal narrative.
Date: Wednesday, May 31, 2023 2:42:29 PM

To be redacted

Please advise

In [REDACTED] I was a patient of Doctor Hadden, at the Audubon clinic, Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. I was a young woman pregnant with my first child. I choose the Audubon clinic, Columbia Presbyterian Hospital because I was born there and I grew up in the area. This is an extreme atrocity that has caused me great emotional distress in silence for many years. Columbia Presbyterian Hospital posed as a great and safe hospital to deliver babies. My personal experience by the hands of Dr. Hadden , while pregnant, with my first child, was a traumatic emotional nightmare. Columbia Presbyterian Hospital is responsible for my personal sexual abuse trauma from employee Dr.Hadden, while pregnant with my first child. Columbia Presbyterian Hospital knowingly let Dr. Hadden work there with a prior history of sexual abuse of pregnant women.

Shame on you !

[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 16: Victim-87

June 1, 2023

Dear Judge Berman,

There is a lot of information I hope you take into account in determining the appropriate sentence for Robert Hadden. I would like to share this victim impact statement to give you some facts about his crimes, how they have affected me, and my observations. I apologize in advance for inadvertently offending you because the details aren't for the faint of heart.

I always understood sexual assault to be a crime involving coercion and physical or verbal threats. What Robert Hadden did to me was different and far more complex and confusing, to the point that I didn't even clearly understand the extent of his assaults until realization dawned on me after reading the experiences of other women. He groomed me from my very first appointment in [REDACTED].

At that appointment, Hadden asked me about my form of birth control. I explained that I relied on an intrauterine device upon the advice of my previous gynecologist. He said, "I would have never dilated you like that." I pause here to explain that this comment has stayed with me this long because it was strange. One must be dilated in order to have such a device inserted properly and with minimal pain. He was both grooming me to feel that he was a better doctor than my previous gynecologist. He then proceeded to rapidly insert a speculum into me without lubricant. When I inhaled sharply at the pain, he told me that not all women needed lubricant during exams. He inserted two fingers into my vagina without gloves before groping my breasts. He told me that he performed "very thorough" breast exams — more so than other doctors.

I was [REDACTED] years old at the time. I considered Hadden to be my first real doctor because I finally had a job with health insurance. I perhaps felt proud to be going to Columbia Medical Center and I was pleased that the office was close to where I worked.

One of the most horrific assaults I went through involved a same-day appointment at Hadden's office near Central Park. I brought my laptop with me to work through what I already knew would be an incredibly long wait. When I finally got into an examination room, I waited for Hadden with my feet already in stirrups.

When he arrived, he seemed agitated and almost rushed. I apologized for needing a same-day appointment because I assumed his state was because his schedule had been thrown off. He didn't ask why I was there, which seemed strange. Instead, he came into the room and immediately knelt in front of the stirrups. He lifted the sheet that covered my legs and waist. As I started to explain what I thought might have been wrong and the reason for my appointment, he interrupted to tell me that he would find out what was going on. He rubbed his tongue on my vagina as I went into shock. The only thing I remember after that was him appearing next to the chair I was in, on my left side. He was suddenly bizarrely calm which was in stark contrast to my own panic. I remember distinctly what happened next. He licked his lips and told me that I was "good," and everything was "fine." I don't remember if he ever gave me medicine at the appointment — in fact I don't remember leaving the appointment at all and going back to work.

As disgusted as I feel writing this out, I want to share two more experiences with you, Judge Berman. Please bear with me.

After I got married in [REDACTED], my husband and I hoped to add to our family. I relayed this information to Hadden at an appointment and he purported to advise me on how to conceive. He told me it was important to have orgasms. In order to have orgasms, I needed to be relaxed. He explained this as he internally examined me with his ungloved fingers. This time he used lubricant. As he assaulted me, he told me, again, to relax. If I could be relaxed enough to have an orgasm, I would be relaxed enough to get pregnant. He added more lubricant as he explained that some women try different positions when they try to get pregnant. If a woman is on top, it's more likely that the pregnancy will be a girl. If the woman is on the bottom, a boy is more likely. The assault continued throughout.

At another appointment I attended with my husband. I was newly pregnant. We waited to see the doctor for more than an hour. My husband struggled to understand how it could take so long. I was used to the delay and told him this is just what it's like for an in-demand doctor like Hadden. We finally got into an exam room where Hadden conducted an internal exam. I don't know what the purpose of the exam was, but he didn't wear gloves. As Hadden assaulted me while my husband stood in the room, my husband asked, "No gloves?" Hadden turned his head to the right and told my husband that some doctors wear gloves and some don't. It's a preference thing, he said. For some reason, we felt like this answer was sufficient and that somehow this meant that he was a less stuffy doctor than others.

The result of seeing a doctor so skilled in grooming and perpetrating sexual assault is that there are things he told me about my own body that I don't know if they are true or not. I don't know if I have a tilted cervix that makes giving birth riskier and puts me at higher risk for cervical cancer. Even more dubious, I don't know if certain sexual positions potentially are more onerous on my body. I don't know if my husband and I are very fertile as a couple, as he told us. I don't know if I have rough breast tissue that should be kneaded painfully in breast exams. These aren't questions I'm ready to ask another physician because I'll never trust whether I'll get a real answer or if even the questions themselves are relevant. My framework for what is or isn't appropriate is skewed. And I think that's part of what Hadden really loved. I don't fully trust my instincts anymore, or at least I worry that I can't. He took that away from me because he needed to make me think that my instincts were wrong. He did this over and over to hundreds of women. He's very, very good at this.

What I find incredibly tragic is that he could have just been a real doctor, providing valuable healthcare to women. He could have used his education, knowledge and position to bring life safely into this world and to guide women and their loved ones at their most vulnerable. Truly, what a waste. We represented opportunities to him. I fear it will never be clear how prolific of a monster he was. I fear that every woman or girl who has ever crossed paths with him has been prey.

In sum, this person is monstrous.

Respectfully,



VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT OF [REDACTED]

To whom it may concern, the following is an account of my experiences in relation to former gynecologist Robert Hadden while he was under the care of my wife, [REDACTED]

I began accompanying my wife to her gynecological appointments and exams at Columbia University when we began to discuss family planning. Robert Hadden was consistently very late to these appointments. He would routinely take us into his office over 90 minutes and sometimes over 2 hours after our scheduled appointment time. As a working professional, taking that much time out of my day was detrimental to my job performance. While, I attended my wife's early appointments, his constant tardiness forced me to not be able to attend later appointments, which I believe was by design; to get me, her trusted spouse, out of the examination room.

During our first several appointments, Robert Hadden directly asked me if my wife was experiencing orgasms during intercourse. This struck me as very strange. I had never had a medical professional ask about sexual gratification as it relates to pregnancy. I engaged in this discussion with him, in front of my wife, because he was the person of authority. We both wanted to do what we could to bring a child into this world. I felt embarrassed and surprised by his line of questioning, especially when he brought up particular sexual positions we should try. I questioned my own negative reaction and thought I should have a more progressive viewpoint.

Following one of these conversations, Robert Hadden examined [REDACTED] in his office. I immediately noticed he did not put gloves on for the internal examination. I asked him why and he replied that gloves were unnecessary and hindered his ability to feel things properly. I again felt a sense that I shouldn't be feeling strange about that, that I should trust her doctor. When he finished his internal examination he did not wash his hands immediately. He sat there talking to us. I kept looking at his hands as he spoke, which he noticed, and he finally moved to the sink where he washed his hands.

This red flag moment will forever be etched in my mind as the moment I should have stepped in and realized there was suspect behavior happening. The late appointments, the sexual conversation, the lack of care for sanitary conditions, and the overall psychological power plays. All of these things set Robert Hadden up for future abuse of my wife.

I am certain that the severe postpartum depression [REDACTED] suffered was directly linked to Robert Hadden's abuse. What kind of repercussions my newborn son faced as [REDACTED] began her journey as a new mother recovering from this abuse, I will always wonder. Would his life be set on a different path had we had a doctor that respected human life? In the following years our marriage suffered from a certain unexplainable darkness. Something deep inside [REDACTED] was different. When she became pregnant with our second child, she would not even consider giving birth in a hospital. To her, hospitals represented establishments that did not take into account the health and well being of the mother. Our second child was born at home with a midwife. I didn't fully understand her hesitation to give birth in a hospital until Robert Hadden's name began to appear in the news during his first arrest. That began a long journey for both of us, to understand what occurred at Columbia University in NY.

The impact Robert Hadden had in my family's life can not be measured. He created pain, suffering, and psychological damage that spanned over a decade and continues to this day. We will never be free from his actions as long as we live.

[REDACTED]
6/1/2023
[REDACTED]

From: Nicole [REDACTED]
To: [USANYS HaddenSentencing](#)
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Statement
Date: Tuesday, April 25, 2023 9:17:08 AM

As a former employee of Columbia Presbyterian hospital I never would have thought this could happen to me.

I will always feel like the hospital failed me through my entire process of me trying to confirm my pregnancy.

I remember feeling confused when I decided to call and schedule an appointment with the OB/GYN department in the Herbert Irving Pavilion, and was instructed to first have an ultrasound done.

I also remember asking the representative, isn't a doctor supposed to order that exam?

But I followed through because this was my first experience with pregnancy. I was given an appointment at the midtown location and then called the OB/GYN department to finally schedule an appointment with a doctor.

I was only given the option for an appointment with Hadden because appointments were weeks or months away.

I only saw you once and you still decided to take advantage of me at the very end even when having more than enough tests to confirm my pregnancy.

A memorable moment I was to cherish forever is now and will be tainted for the rest of my life. My case is not as severe as other cases but this man should never be given the opportunity to take advantage of anyone again.

Not only did he physically, mentally and emotionally hurt women and girls, but he has also degraded what once was a prestigious hospital.

If my statement is suffice and will be used I would just like to use my first name

Please let me know if anything else is needed. Thank you for everything!

Victim Impact Statement D: Victim 145

To: **The Honorable Richard M. Berman, United States District Judge**

From: [REDACTED]

Dear Your Honor,

Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to write this letter. I was able to write a letter to you advocating that Hadden be sent directly to jail after his hearing and the writing process ultimately offered a lot of healing for me. I got my first good night's sleep in months after writing that letter. I can only hope that this victim's impact statement will provide me another opportunity to heal a piece of my soul. These letters and opportunities are so important for victims. I didn't truly realize until I became one, the importance of being able to speak my truth. Thank you for listening and letting us have a voice and be heard. It means much more than I can put into words. As difficult as writing this letter has been for me, I know that it's an important part of my healing journey.

I was fresh out of college, in my early 20's and living in New York City when I first met Robert Hadden. A work colleague referred me to someone who I thought was a prestigious OBGYN Dr. affiliated with Columbia University. Everyone seemed to have nice things to say about him and at the time I felt so fortunate to have found him.

Little did I know that I would make an ideal patient for him to victimize. I had next to zero experience of what an OBGYN exam would entail. I was young and incredibly innocent and just barely pulling in enough money to survive on my own in NYC. Free birth control pills were appealing, and this is what he would use to lure me back to his office time and again for what I later would find out were unnecessary and not normal visits.

It's incredibly painful to know that Hadden saw all of that and chose to exploit me for his own sexual gratification. He abused the Dr./Patient relationship through manipulation, lies and sexual assault. He knew that I didn't know any better and most likely would not have the courage to stand up for myself. He also knew he had a prestigious institution backing him up that didn't even care to acknowledge all the atrocities he was committing. They were allowing him to carry on with his abuse of patients by continually looking the other way and failing to investigate allegations.

As an adult I would later come to see the harsh truth, that I had been groomed by Hadden during those OBGYN visits. All those little red flags that had set off questions and emotions in my body and brain had laid etched in

my memories and would eventually flood back to haunt me once I was a grown adult woman with young children of my own.

The manipulation and grooming took place in his private office where he would share intimate details about his family and life with me. In turn he would often ask me inappropriate sexual questions about my sex life. Taken a back at these questions, I remember thinking that I should just answer because he probably asked these questions to all his patients and everyone else probably answered them. I didn't want to be difficult or non-compliant and maybe this was just part of what a visit to the OBGYN entailed? So as squirmy and uncomfortable as I felt and after a long pause, I proceeded to answer him. I know now that he was just seeing how far he could push me and how much he could get away with. Coercing me into thinking that these types of questions were normal and a routine part of an exam.

The grooming led up to the gross atrocities that took place in the exam room. I would think to myself that I must be imagining things or must be mistaking things or even wondering if this was just part of what happens in a normal exam and that I probably shouldn't question it. I mean after all he was so nice and caring to me in his private office – there is just no way that what I thought was happening could be happening.

I had my nipples twisted and pinched during lengthy breast exams while he stepped back and stood there and watched them erect. I remember wanting to throw my own hand over my chest and feeling so embarrassed at what was happening. I was examined twice during most exams - first with a pair of gloves and then a groping lengthy one without gloves. Which I now know was sexual in nature and not for the benefit of my health in anyway shape or form.

Hadden would perform full body exams on me where he checked my entire body over for moles. I am embarrassed now to think that I was even grateful at the time for those exams because I thought he was so generous to do this as he was saving me money and time, so I didn't have to see a dermatologist. He was so invested in my health I thought at the time. Little did I know that he was never thinking about my health during my medical exam – only how he could exploit me for his own sick needs. Here I was walking into a Dr's office to make sure I was healthy and well and all I was doing was walking into a sick sexual abuser's office so that he could manipulate me and sexually assault me all while I told myself I was wrong and imagining things.

The worst of all of it, that haunts me on a deeper darker level is when he licked my vulva in the exam room. I remember lying there freezing like a

deer in headlights and thinking – no, there is no way that just happened, you must be imagining things he was just in his private office telling you how much he loves his wife. I remember sitting up to look around the room for a nurse so that I could look at her and be like – did this just happen? But, as usual – there was no one else in the room. Just me and him with a smirk on his face. I told myself that I must have imagined it and that there was no way a Dr. would do that. I told myself I was wrong, and I pushed it from my mind. The truth was there, and many years later everything would come to light.

The young and naïve girl that I was had no clue that I had been groomed and that all of this in fact was NOT a normal part of an OBGYN exam. Mostly because I told myself, oh maybe it just feels like he doesn't have a glove on, but he must have a glove on – you are just imagining things. Or maybe that is a necessary part of the exam since they can't feel for certain things with gloves on? It's so hard to even write this and not get upset with that young girl. How could she dismiss her instincts? Did the grooming have that powerful of an effect that I truly told myself I must be imagining this? This is a piece that I continue to work on, and I believe will work on for the rest of my life. While there is sympathy that is there for that girl, there is also something in me that wants to slap her awake and tell her to wake up and see what was happening and get the hell out of there. It's hard to let all that go, those images and memories will always be seared into me. It doesn't matter how much work I do. It's still painful.

I feel so sad for that young girl who ignored her gut instincts and who told herself she was wrong. I would like to think if it wasn't a Dr. I sure as heck would know it was wrong but being in his office made it all so confusing. He was an authority figure and at the time, I can't imagine myself having a voice in that exam room. As an adult it's easier for me to know the woman I am today would know what he was doing was wrong, but that little girl in the room – she just didn't have the life experience at the time to be able to understand and call him out for the sexual assaults he was committing. Instead, she silenced herself and told herself she was wrong and imagining things. That there was no way a Dr. would do something like this.

Thankfully for me – the universe happened to save me when my fiancé got a job in [REDACTED] not long after that very worst incident in the exam room and we decided to move. I remember being nervous to tell Hadden I was leaving his practice and then asking myself why was I so nervous? I think my body was starting to figure out that there was something weird and not normal going on – why would a Dr. even care if I was leaving – after all he had so many patients.

I headed to his office to pick up the birth control pills and as usual he was out in the waiting room waiting for me. He handed them to me directly and I let him know that I would be moving in another few months. The anger and steam that came across his face was something I had never seen or felt before. He turned mad red, and I could literally feel the seething anger and hateful energy off him – I felt as if he wanted to rip the pills right out of my hands or scream at me that I couldn't go.

He knew I felt his energy change because my face and body language immediately changed to become defensive as if it was clicking for me that our relationship had not been right. However, he noticed that I was taken a back and he just as quickly turned on his "other" personality and became his charming self. That was when I knew something was not right and I walked away with a gut feeling that day that I had just been saved. I wasn't sure exactly of what, but I knew deep in my soul.

In the coming years I really didn't let my brain dig too deep or question further what might have happened in Hadden's office. There was no need – I was in another state now I thought, and I had moved on with my life. My mind pushed it aside however, my body kept score. I made mental notes as I had exams in my new state things like. 1. That was a quick exam, or 2. That seemed impersonal. Or, 3. my nipples were not pinched or twisted – I wonder why not – is that not part of an exam – did they skip a part? 4. Most of all I wondered why there was always a nurse in the room when exams were done. Is this a normal thing – there were never nurses with Hadden in the exam room. 5. The exams were drastically far less invasive, and gloves were always used. For many years I wondered if I was receiving a proper exam since they were so vastly different from what I had been receiving in NYC.

I was conditioned by an early age to think that OBGYN exams were something that they in fact were NOT at all. I realize now that I was undergoing a sexualized exam that included so much sick behavior it's hard to comprehend. As a young kid, I thought that I had to lie there and endure whatever they needed or wanted to do to me for medically necessary reasons that were not in fact necessary at all. I think I carried this compliancy with Dr's all through my 20's and 30's until I uncovered deeply what was done to me and my behavior of disassociating from my body around anything medical or anything having to do with authority figures.

Some 20 something years later in my 40's I happened upon an article in People magazine about Robert Hadden being convicted for sexual crimes on his patients. This is the day that changed everything for me, and it felt like walls were caving in around me. I read the headline, saw the picture and I

knew! I began shaking – it was if everything that my brain had somehow knew became valid and true – it wasn't all in my head after all. I wasn't alone. This was also the first time in my life that I would experience a panic attack. It was a dreadful night and there were only going to be more of those nights as I began to sift through the truth of what had been done to me and what had been buried deep for so many years.

It's sad to think that sometimes I wish I did not even read that article or had any idea all the awful things he has done to patients over the years because I could have gone on living my blissfully naïve life. I haven't been the same since reading that article and while I know I needed to read this and find out the truth, it's still hard to feel like the rug has been pulled out from underneath you and with the snap of a finger the entire way you viewed the world has changed. I also realized all the ways I was disassociating from my body over the years were a reaction to what had been done to me so many years ago. It had changed my way of being in the world on a subconscious level.

If you haven't been the victim of abuse, it might be easy to think how can something that happened over 20 years ago have such a grip over you? One might be inclined to think – just get over it and move on, it happened so long ago. I probably would have thought that myself, but unfortunately for me, I can tell you know that it's not the way it works.

These memories live inside us and are stored there – especially when things were unusual that you might have questioned. That article put me back in his office as if I had been there yesterday. Gradually over weeks and months I would have vivid flashbacks of being back in that exam room and the things he had done to me and the look on his face after he did them. I know all those memories were there the entire time – hidden away (the brain is a marvel and I realized this more than ever after experiencing this), because at the time there were little questions going off in my brain which I was too young to act on and instead ignored. It's almost like going into a filing cabinet and pulling out the exact file with all the memories from those days that my brain had been storing - and I was now having to relive these graphic memories repeatedly. Because I had never properly processed the trauma, each day brought more vivid memories and opened more pain. I had to figure out how I was going to move forward with all this built-up emotion and pain that had been ignored for so many years.

Since coming to terms with the abuse I suffered in Hadden's office, I have developed insomnia. These very vivid flashbacks and memories have led to so much anxiety for me that I couldn't sleep and for several months I was only able to sleep 2-3 hours a night – lying in bed for endless hours anxiety

ridden and tormented. I was literally starting to lose my mind and that's when I sought out help through a therapist. Thousands of dollars later I was able to work through some of that pain, but I hit a wall with talk therapy and it just stopped working for me at a certain point. I still suffer insomnia from time to time- it's an ongoing battle.

It's been difficult to trust the medical system and Dr's. I recently had to go for an exam, and it brought up so much pain and anxiety for me. Going to the Dr's is now an entirely different experience – it's hard to not relive the trauma over when I am in an OBGYN's office.

I have also been working on learning to love that 20 something year old girl and stop wishing she would have done something different – something I would have done at the age I am now – which is know it was abuse and report it. She did what she could at the time with the knowledge that she had, and I know that it's not her fault. It's been a hard road to stop hating myself for not knowing better at the time. I pride myself on being strong and tough and I thought I always was but looking back at what happened and seeing it for what it was – that I was his victim to manipulate and abuse at his will – it's just emotionally a lot to handle and try and recover from.

I am a work in progress now trying to move forward. It's hard when you think your world was one way, but something was being played out in front of your eyes that you were completely oblivious to. That's painful and hurtful and hard to come to terms with.

My relationship with my husband changed from the moment I read the article. Honestly, for months I just didn't want to be touched at all. Not even by my own children. I didn't want anyone near me. I sat alone in silence and in depression and could barely function as a human or get my work done. Having the insomnia from the situation made it all the worse and I was just spiraling. I could no longer perform my job my normal hours because I was running on so few hours of sleep. I just felt like my world was caving in around me.

I have lost all faith in the medical system. It's been hard to feel trustworthy towards any Dr. and to not question if anything else in my life may not have been what I initially perceived it. A huge mind trip to say the least. The hardest thing to come to terms with which I honestly don't think I will ever be able to reconcile with – is how a prestigious institution like Columbia could let this monster continue abusing patients after knowing incidents had been happening since the 90's. They covered him up and moved him around so he could abuse other patients. It just absolutely disgusts me and makes me have zero faith in our entire medical system. I have so much to say

about this cover up by Columbia I could write a book, but I won't since this is about Hadden and the sexual assaults he committed on his patients. But know this, by covering up Hadden, Columbia is just as complicit in having committed every one of these crimes. This institution essentially sat back and watched the abuse unfold while Hadden committed sexual crimes on women for over 20 years. I hope the sentence that Hadden receives for his crimes sends a proper message to Columbia to never let this happen again. I also hope that it lets all his victims have some peace and closure in their lives while he sits behind bars where he deserved to be so long ago. Far away from where he will be able to hurt anyone ever again.

Thank you for the generosity of your time in reading this letter and thank you for your service to our justice system.

Sincerely,

A solid black rectangular box used to redact a handwritten signature.

Victim Impact Statement 20: Victim-184

I would like to begin by requesting anonymity and ask that my name be redacted from any public court filings. I would also like to thank the court for the opportunity to submit a victim impact statement.

My name is [REDACTED]. I just turned 4 [REDACTED] years old and currently reside [REDACTED]. It's been extremely hard for me to share this with anyone but I am a victim of Dr. Hadden's abuse and Columbia's negligence.

Dr. Hadden became my doctor in my early twenties after my co-worker recommended him. He had been my co-worker's doctor for a few years and since she was a little older than me and someone I looked up to in the office, I trusted her recommendation. Before I went to see him for my first appointment, she gave me the heads up about his style as a doctor. She said he was a great doctor but he does ask questions that can make some women feel uncomfortable but it's because he is thorough. She made it clear that sometimes sexual questions do come up but it's because he just wants to make sure his patients are healthy physically and mentally. At this point in my life, I had only been sexually active a short time and had no idea what kinds of conversations a gynecologist has with their patients. I also didn't want my co-worker to think that I wasn't mature enough to handle a conversation like that with my doctor so without question I kept my appointment. Now that I am older and wiser, I realize that my co-worker, unknowingly, had been groomed by him. One of the things that I often think about is how many other women were groomed and then recruited more victims by recommending him, including myself.

My initial visits were fine. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary except for that fact that every time I saw Dr. Hadden and was examined by him there was never a nurse present. After a while, Dr. Hadden eased into the subject matter that my co-worker gave me the heads up about. Behind closed doors, with just him and I present, and while examining me, he would say things like, "You know, the way you are shaped internally, having sex with your partner behind you would be the most comfortable." I would immediately freeze up when he would make comments like that but immediately do my best to try to mentally calm down by reminding myself that he is a well trusted doctor and he is trying to arm me with helpful information. However, after every visit, I would often find myself replaying the words he said to me in my head, over and over again, and unable to sleep for days.

For a while, my office visits with Dr. Hadden became an issue with my boyfriend (now my husband). I told him a few of the things the doctor had said to me and right away he said that the doctor's comments weren't okay. He and I would often argue about it because he wanted me to not see him anymore and I would argue back that he was just being "thorough" just like I was groomed to do.

I tried to convince myself that everything was fine and continued to keep him as my doctor for many years, despite the shame after visits with him. After a while, he introduced a new phase of his abuse that would have the biggest impact on me. On one office visit, I was pregnant with my second child. After seeing a nurse, I was told that I would not be fully examined by the doctor

but he wanted to still meet with me. As always, the nurse left us in the room alone and at first everything seemed fine. Dr. Hadden just spoke with me without saying anything inappropriate but just when it seemed like he was about to leave, out of nowhere he asked if my breasts were sore. Before I had a chance to answer, he asked if I still had any milk? I was completely shocked and surprised by the question. However, before I had a chance to say anything, Dr. Hadden aggressively pulled down one arm of my gown and violently squeezed one of my nipples. It hurt really bad and I was completely flabbergasted that he did that to me. While doing it, he didn't even look like the same man I had known for years. In that moment, he turned into a monster, with no self-control and physically hurt a pregnant woman. Just as quickly as that monster came, suddenly he became Dr. Hadden again and before walking out the door, he simply said, "Yes, you still have milk". It took me a while to come out of that examine room. I couldn't believe what happened and I didn't want anyone to see me in that state. That particular day, I had seen Dr. Hadden was on my lunch break. I cannot express how much pain and shame I felt on my walk back to the office. For years, I didn't share the incident with my husband because I was extremely embarrassed about that encounter especially because my husband had already expressed his feelings about Dr. Hadden and I believed I was partly to blame.

It took years for me to realize that Dr. Hadden took advantage of my inexperience. He was a renowned doctor that I trusted. He used his role at the practice inappropriately, and subjected me to vile sexual language and eventually assault. I have no doubt, that a few of my encounters with him will forever haunt me. However, I can't just blame Dr. Hadden, I also hold Columbia responsible for what myself and other women endured. At least one victim came forward before I was ever his patient. Despite other victims coming forward, allegations were never communicated to me by the practice. I remained his patient until 2012, I believe. At that time, I was contacted during my third pregnancy and told that I needed to temporarily choose a different doctor. The practice never gave me an explanation why I needed to make the change. To this day, despite being a long-time patient of his at the time, no one at the practice has ever asked me about my experience as his patient.

After I began hearing the allegations from other women who were patients, I knew they were telling the truth. So many things they accused him of had also been done to me. However, because of my own shame and embarrassment, I wasn't able to talk about it for years. After seeking help for my trauma through therapy, I am now able to stand strong with other brave women and make sure Dr. Hadden is held responsible for the damage done to so many victims. In return for his crimes, I plead with the court to take away Robert Hadden's freedom for good.

I also wish to express my sincerest gratitude for allowing this opportunity of expression.

Respectfully submitted, [REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 21: Victim-238

Robert Hadden – Victim Impact Statement – May 31, 2023

I was a graduate student at Columbia University from [REDACTED]. Circa 1997, I went to see a Columbia University gynecologist because I had a UTI caused by sexual intercourse. This was my first, and second to last, visit to Columbia healthcare. I knew from past experience that for UTIs doctors prescribe 2 days of phenazopyridine immediately and an antibiotic. All the medical office needs is urine in a cup. The doctor I happened to fall upon at Columbia was Robert Hadden. It was a random assignment. It was not my choice, I had no previous interaction with this “doctor” and knew nothing about him. For a UTI, Hadden required a full vaginal examination. I had had a vaginal examination only once before and the doctor had sat upright, showed me his gloved hand, showed me the lubricant, told me exactly what was going to happen, and there were two other people in the room. The covering over my thighs was a paper-like sheet. At the end the doctor gave me a paper-towel type product to wipe away the lubricant before I put my underwear and clothes back on. Not the case with Hadden.

When he walked into the room, he was wearing a white coat. It seems like almost instantaneously he made this sort of magical swish and covered my thighs with a heavy folded-over hospital blanket, not your usual paper sheet. He sat down, gave me no warning and inserted what felt like 3-4 fingers into my vagina with no lubricant or gloves. He was very rough and it was painful. His head dipped under the blanket covering the lower half of my body and it was silent, which I found very odd. Shouldn't he be explaining to me what he was doing? It didn't seem to me that his head/face needed to be so close to my vulva. I was wondering when the lubricant would come so it wouldn't be so painful. The appointment seemed to last forever. At one point, I felt something wet and thought that finally it was time for the lubricant, but the wetness wasn't smooth and slippery like lubricant. The wetness was thin, like saliva, and felt like a thumb pressing down and swiping across. This “thumb”, which I now realize was a tongue, touched my clitoris as part of the swiping motion. I thought this was odd, but wrote it off as the doctor being sloppy. Sloppy. That's the word that popped into my mind to make an excuse for this gynecologist at Columbia University. How naïve. I doubted myself because of a name: “Columbia”.

When the exam was over he looked kind of out of it, as in mussed wisps of hair, red face, sweaty. He didn't hand me a paper towel or tell me to sit up. He was literally about to walk out of the room without talking to me. I asked him, while still lying down with my feet in the stirrups propped up on my elbows, if there was anything I needed to know following the examination and what he was going to do for my UTI. It's like he had completely forgotten that I was a human being in need of medical attention and that was why I was there, on my back with my feet in stirrups. He told me, looking somewhat cross-eyed, that sexually transmitted diseases (which caused me to think a UTI was sexually transmitted, which is not the case) were carried by women because women hold bacteria / infections / etc. *inside* (what was implied was that the vaginal canal is a dirty harbor where men contract diseases). I couldn't believe what I was hearing, but, again, this was an OBGYN at Columbia University, so of course he knew what he was talking about. He said he would prescribe an antibiotic. I wanted to ask about the phenazopyridine, which provides immediate pain relief, but didn't. I just wanted to get out of there; I felt embarrassed and ashamed. Looking back now, I also wonder what the person who

goes in to the examination room to prepare for the next patient thought when they saw a folded-over blanket and no paper sheet.

Someone upon my departure must have told me I needed a follow-up appointment because I went back one more time. I told the admin person that I did not want to see the same doctor, Hadden, and that I wanted to see a woman. At that second visit, when I told the female gynecologist what Hadden had told me on my previous visit, she just sort of nodded her head and left the room. To me this was corroboration that UTIs were sexually transmitted diseases carried by women. There was no way of fact-checking then. There was no Google at that time. You believed doctors. Especially doctors at Columbia University. Since then, I make a concerted effort to see only female gynecologists and always feel wary and unsure when I have no option but to see a male. As for the rest of my years at Columbia, I searched for and found clinics and hospitals I could go to for my UTIs, which definitely made life more complicated and more expensive. I should have been able to confidently and safely use the healthcare provided to me by the university. Columbia University – you failed me.

May 26, 2023

Your Honor,

I am submitting my Victim Impact Statement to you and the court, and wish to remain anonymous and have my personal and contact information redacted in the public record. I wish that I was able to attend the proceedings in court and to stand in solidarity with Robert Hadden's other sexual assault victims, but I cannot bring myself to sit in the same room with him.

I am not sure I yet fully understand the extent to which Robert Hadden has impacted my life as well as the lives of my family members. A sustained, serial sexual assault over approximately fifteen years, wrapped in the guise of a Columbia University Ob/Gyn exam protocol, has proven to be a traumatic, life-changing experience on a number of deep levels.

We learned, somewhat recently, about Hadden's "modus operandi" from a New York Times article. The full horror of what had happened to me, revealed itself slowly, and then suddenly overwhelmed me as I gained more detailed information about Hadden's sexual assault crimes and Columbia's efforts to shield their institutional reputation by doing their best to sweep numerous complaints of sexual assault by him under the rug.

The physical impact of Robert Hadden's conduct is staggering and traumatic. As I brought myself up-to-speed on the manner in which Hadden groomed then assaulted his patients, I realized to my deep horror, these same methods had been employed on me over a span of approximately fifteen years. Horror sweeps through me whenever I see Hadden's name on all three of our childrens' birth certificates. My only solace is that he never had a chance to sexually assault our daughter.

Emotionally how have Hadden's assaults made me feel?

The realization that a sexual predator brought my precious children into the world is highly disturbing to me. Many of my most treasured memories of pregnancy and childbirth have now been hijacked and reclassified in my mind as sexual assault trauma. I am working hard to restore these cherished memories back into their rightful place in my mind, but that effort has been painful, time-consuming and costly.

I feel enraged at the realization that Robert Hadden not only assaulted me at my most vulnerable time, but equally ghastly is the fact that he put the well-being of our unborn children at risk. I will never forgive him for that for as long as I live. I am equally enraged that Columbia would shield a sexual predator for nearly twenty years in an effort to maintain their reputation, with complete and utter disregard for the well-being of their patients and their own medical charter.

Another unfortunate well of feelings that this trauma has provoked within me are those of shame. Shame for not having better antennae to recognize what was happening at the time. Shame for thinking we were friends, when in reality, I was being groomed by a sexual predator. I now realize Hadden had the perfect ruse as an Ob/Gyn doctor at the prestigious Columbia University. I trusted that by being a patient at the famed Columbia University, I was receiving the best and most thorough care available for me and my unborn children. I trusted that Hadden was being screened, supervised and governed to provide that “best” care. How trusting and naive I was. A traumatic, burning lesson indeed.

This deep trauma has transformed into a cascading emotional contagion within my mind, a trauma that has affected how I process my feelings relating to my pregnancies, the births of my children, my trust in doctors, medical and governmental institutions, and more. It has affected my current ability to feel mentally strong enough to effectively support those close to me in times of need. I have kept what happened to me mostly private because I do not want to transfer this trauma to those whom I love, and pollute more minds than need be. I feel strongly I must contain this. My husband has felt deep anger and shame that he could not protect me and our children from Robert Hadden. He has stepped in and has provided support for our kids in ways I usually do, as I felt too emotionally depleted and withdrawn. On a daily basis now, I work hard just to appear normal and balanced.

For the first time in my life, I have had to seek mental healthcare. I was advised by a mental healthcare provider to seek treatment for trauma. I immediately followed up with the recommendation and have been undergoing trauma treatment. Obviously there is a financial component associated with this, as many of the most qualified mental healthcare providers operate outside of our insurance policy network. It takes time, energy and money away from my family and from my life’s purpose to do good in this world.

Your Honor, I am sure you understand that there are many Robert Hadden victims who wish to remain anonymous for a variety of reasons, who are watching justice being served from a distance, who have been hurt just as badly as some of those who will be sitting in your courtroom. I am one of them.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart for considering and acting upon Robert Hadden’s victims’ statements at his recent bail hearing, and sending him straight to prison while he awaits his sentencing. He has earned this, and deserves to spend a considerable amount more time in prison with people of his ilk.

With respect, and appreciation for your consideration,

A solid black rectangular box used to redact a signature.

Victim Impact Statement 23: Victim-240

June 1, 2023

The Honorable Judge Richard M. Berman
Victim Statement

Our first meeting was in your office on the Upper Westside of Manhattan, on a Saturday morning in February of 2013. I remember so many details of that meeting, including your office chair. It was green leather, although I never entered your office, I just saw the chair from the outside corridor. The exam room felt small to me, but I thought to myself at least he has a availability on a Saturday morning, between graduate school classes and my two jobs. The exam table was positioned with the foot of the bed angled towards the door, and the head of the bed angled towards a wall and window. Your tiny swivel chair only had enough space to move once the door was closed. The chaperone was in the room, she had blond hair, I remember it being curly or, maybe wavy; either way she sounded like a robot, agreeing very vigorously to everything you said. The exam went on and you gave a diagnose I had never heard of. You recommended birth control to me, specifically an IUD which I said absolutely no, I absolutely hate birth control. You ended the exam with what you called a “routine” anal exam.

Here is what you didn't know, I was 26 years old, timid, never questioning of authority, and for most of my life been told I had little to no value. So I laid in the most vulnerable position and knew this was not ok, but felt like I had no voice to speak. I trusted the providers in the room. You and the chaperone, I thought for years I must have been the one who was mistaken in my memory, but I should have known better; I am rarely ever mistaken in memory, it is actually my superpower in life. That is why 10 years, almost to the date when your face popped up on social media I was able to identify you. I remembered all the details of our first meeting. I knew exactly who you were.

This time I was no longer timid, I was no longer questioning of my memory, or fearful of authority; in fact I am brave, strong and confident in what I know, and what I know is back in February of 2013 you took advantage of an opportunity you saw in a defenseless version of me. You knowingly engaged in a violation of my body, your chaperone did not stop you, no one stopped you and you believed you were above the law. I personally have not felt any remorse from you for your actions, probably because unlike me, you would not be able to pick me out of a group of others.

Yet I wish you no ill will, in fact I pray God has mercy on your soul. This is not because I am a forgiving person, on the contrary, it is because I am a mother with boys now of my own. I hope to never be in this courtroom for one of my sons in this way. I pray for your soul, because as a mother I know that someone, or your case a lot of people believed in you, your mother, your family, your patients, what a pity we were all wrong about you. May no one ever experience what you have placed on to any of us.

Since our meeting I have become a therapist, I work to help people heal their trauma and broken wounds from life. My work is at times draining, and as a professional I should be able to heal from my own wounds, yet I cannot. Ten years later, and I cannot heal from that early morning when we met in February of 2013. I cry frequently when I think about it. I struggle at times to articulate my feelings using emotional vocabulary, when feeling triggered, at times I cannot identify my triggers at all. I have never trusted another male gynecologist, and male doctors in general feel intimidating to me. Some nights I dream ironically not of the exam room but of your green leather chair, and the chaperone with robotic responses. While I am aware that these symptoms will become less prominent with time and therapy, they will never dissipate from my memory, because as I mentioned before my memory is my superpower, but now it has become my super nemesis.

I request anonymity

Victim Impact Statement

My name is [REDACTED], and I am a Dr. Robert A. Hadden victim.

I came from [REDACTED] to the United States in [REDACTED], and in 1999 I moved to New York. In the year 2000, I needed to visit a gynecologist for a regular checkup, and I also wanted to find out why I was not getting pregnant. A neighbor recommended I see Dr. Robert A. Hadden at Columbia Hospital, and he was the first doctor I had in the United States.

By then, my only experience with doctors was with those I had in [REDACTED], where the communist government monopolizes the health care system, and patients' rights are minimal and set by them. Things like patients' rights and doctors' codes of ethics were unfamiliar concepts to me.

After my first consultation with Dr. Hadden, I found similarities and striking differences with my previous experience as a patient. In the successive visits, his behavior and my perception did not change. In one part, he made himself very approachable by talking extensively about personal matters and trying to get familiar with my life, which reminded me of the lax communication I was used to seeing between patients and doctors in [REDACTED]. For this reason, his professional conduct did not seem suspicious to me. After the consultation, I passed into his office and, on several occasions, talked to me about personal things and inquired about my personal life. I remember him telling me about his daughter studying ballet and admired the renowned [REDACTED] ballerina [REDACTED].

On the other side, his behavior within the examination room was very different from what I had experienced. Although it was somehow shocking to me, I thought his way of conducting the medical exam was because the protocols here differed from what I had seen in [REDACTED]. I will try to describe that behavior to the best of my recollection.

On several occasions, the nurse was not in the room during Dr. Hadden's consultation. She walked me to the room, asked me a few questions, told me to undress and put on the gown, and left or returned after the doctor had finished. Dr. Hadden touched my breasts slowly and calmly during the medical exam, insisting around the nipples, sometimes without gloves. In the vaginal examination, he introduced his fingers deeply, then moved them slowly and calmly with circular movements and checked the lips gently around the clit.

After my pregnancy, I continued going for the annual checkup, and his behavior was the same. The last time I saw him, it caught my attention that his hands and doctor's gown were not neat, and his appearance looked more neglected. The following year, 2014, I went in person to make an appointment, and they told me that Dr. Hadden no longer worked there. Without further explanation, they suggested I see Dr. Raeka Talati.

My first experience with Dr. Talati helped me realize two things. First, Dr. Hadden's professional behavior was not correct. Secondly, my belief that his way of proceeding was due to the different medical protocols from [REDACTED] was mistaken. My experience with both physicians has been like day and night. After hearing the devastating statements from other victims, I still struggle to understand how I could have been exposed to such a monster for many years.

From: [REDACTED]
To: [USANYS-HaddenSentencing](#)
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Victim Impact Statement
Date: Thursday, June 1, 2023 10:37:43 PM

Note: I would like my name and contact information redacted from any public filing!

Your Honorable Richard M. Berman,

The words you are about to read do not come close to expressing the trauma that Dr. Robert Hadden has inflicted. What's worse than the trauma is the guilt. The guilt of a mother for putting her preteen daughter in the hands of a monster. And to add to the pain and trauma, is the fact that Columbia had full knowledge, and they failed to take action. At the time that I was a patient of Dr. Hadden's I trusted him. I went through a divorce while being his patient and his comments were often unprofessional, and his lewd conduct in removing his gloves under the auspices of medical necessity, was downright traumatizing. But the worst part was not only did I lose trust in male doctors, but so did my daughter. As a single mother, my only objective in life was to keep my children safe, and to teach them to make the best decisions they can. I failed my daughter. I had no idea I put her growing body in the hands of a monster. She has been traumatized after having to remember how he made her feel. She recently spoke to me about what Doctor Hadden did and how as an RN, which she went on to become, his behavior went against everything she learned. Columbia's inaction proves that they are such a powerful institution that they do not have to regard the safety and well-being of their patients.

And can get away with it. She said she would never practice nursing for an institution like that. I have had the burden of financial strain, paying for therapists, as a result of not trusting neither men, nor institutions. And as a single mother of three young girls, at the time of Dr. Hadden's assault on both me, and one of my daughters, the guilt will always haunt me. He failed me, Columbia failed me, but ultimately, I failed my daughter.

Thank you for your time and attention.

[REDACTED]

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Victim Impact Statement

The thoughts that entered my mind when I got the results—I was pregnant, at seventeen. For an adult, this can be overwhelming. Picture me, a baby in labor. I was nervous, I was anxious, I was insecure, I was scared, I was happy, I was sad, I was grateful, I was everything that could fit into the normal imagination. Something I didn't have in mind, something I wasn't prepared for, was Dr. Robert Harden.

During my pregnancy, I felt all the above-mentioned emotions, sometimes all at the same time. And on [REDACTED] it was time to forget about them all and move on to maternity. Unfortunately, only one person in the delivery room knew how abnormal that transition was going to be.

His coldness, his gaze, his touch, and his control of the room did not fit into my imagination. None of this aligned with what I grew up imagining, with what I obsessed with for 9 months. Everything, everything changed. My imagination and my transition into motherhood were violated by his reality—the reality that he was in charge, the reality that he was in control of my body, the reality that no one would hold him accountable, the reality that motherhood started where he said it did. I was young, I was a new mom, I was undocumented, and afraid of sharing my story for years because I felt I was wrong, scared of being targeted as a woman of color, that might be looking for something to benefit from. I was just a little girl.

I shared this story so many times—hoping that someone would believe me. Hoping that someone would tell me that I was right, that there was a part of the story that did not belong. Unfortunately, it took a few years to learn this. I felt similar emotions for my second pregnancy, only this time I expected to encounter that uninvited guest again and when I didn't, I knew. His absence haunted me yet informed me. While my second delivery was everything I expected my first one to be, a roller-coaster of emotions leading into happiness and bliss, Dr. Robert Hadden was now part of my imagination and as a result present for years, forever. He has been since I transitioned into motherhood. And so has been the case. He will always be a part of my imagination and thus my reality. But today we are here to give all and every single one of his victims the chance to move on.

Thank you,

Victim Impact Statement 27: Victim-249

From: [REDACTED]
To: [USANYS-HaddenSentencing](#)
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Dr Haddem
Date: Wednesday, April 19, 2023 1:35:59 PM

You honor,

I was in my early twenties when I was a patient of Dr Haddem. I was recommended to him by my sister who was also a patient. During my visits with Dr Haddem, he would put lube on his examination glove and start from the clitoris downwards. I was young and did not know his behavior was not a professional nor part of the examination process. Dr. Haddem inappropriately took advantage of me and I had no idea. My naiveness kept me as a patient for a few years.

My sister was pregnant at the time when Dr Haddem attempted to kiss her while making a comment about her red lipstick.

I am no one to judge Dr. Haddem but his actions and disturbing behavior made and makes me feel sick and he should pay for his abuse.

Thank you,
[REDACTED]

Victim statement

My name is [REDACTED] and I am a victim of Robert Hadden. I grow up in a low-income neighborhood with high crime and drug-populated areas. I grew up having to be strong and protect myself every day from many negative situations throughout my life. I had to look strong and act strong to protect myself from being a victim and another statistic. I would never have imagined that a doctor would have been my perpetrator. The one place where you are supposed to be vulnerable and exposed to be healed is where I was violated. He was skillful in manipulating me to not trust my instincts. Every time I questioned his abusive techniques he would have a health crisis excuse, just relax I am checking for CANCER. A diagnosis no one wants to get or hear to have. Now, I make sure I only see female physicians for my PCP and GYN appointments.

I went through so much growing up protecting myself from crime, gangs, and drugs but could not protect myself in an institution that is built to protect and heal. For NY Presbyterian to turn their heads and ignore to protect their employees and patients is despicable, disgusting and violates all of what healthcare stands for.

Robert Hadden, I hope you get what you deserve for putting us through embarrassment and feeling unguarded. Now, I am always being suspicious of my healthcare providers because of you. I hope you will get the opportunity to think about your actions behind bars. Satin is holding a seat for you in hell.

[REDACTED]

Victim Statement 29: Victim-251

May 30, 2023

Your Honor,

I present this statement before this court today to address the deeply disturbing and reprehensible actions of Dr. Robert Hadden, a gynecologist who has been found guilty of sexually abusing multiple patients. The severity and magnitude of Dr. Hadden's offenses necessitate a comprehensive and unequivocal response to ensure justice is served and we, the victims, are given the opportunity to heal.

The evidence presented during the trial has clearly demonstrated the extent of Dr. Hadden's misconduct and the devastating impact it has had on the lives of his patients. The testimonies provided by the brave survivors have shed light on the systematic abuse and violation of trust perpetrated by Dr. Hadden over an extended period of time. It is crucial to recognize the immense courage it took for us to come forward and share these traumatic experiences, often reliving our pain in pursuit of justice.

The court must consider the profound and lasting harm inflicted upon the victims by Dr. Hadden's actions. Sexual abuse is a heinous crime that not only violates an individual's bodily autonomy but also undermines their emotional and psychological well-being. The breach of trust by a medical professional in a position of power exacerbates the trauma endured by patients and shatters our faith in the healthcare system.

In light of the seriousness of these offenses, it is imperative that Dr. Hadden be held accountable for his actions. The sentencing should reflect the gravity of the crimes committed, serving both as a deterrent to others in positions of authority and as a validation of the survivors' courage in coming forward.

I respectfully urge the court to consider the following factors when determining the appropriate sentence for Dr. Hadden:

1. The extent and nature of the abuse: The court should consider the number of victims, the duration and frequency of the abuse, and the physical and psychological harm suffered by each one of us. I was a patient of Dr. Hadden for almost 10 years. He was my first gynecologist and I saw him about twice a year, sometimes more depending on his recommendations. I trusted his actions and decisions during our visits to have arisen only with my health needs in mind, not his despicable perverted selfish desires.
2. The breach of trust: As a medical professional, Dr. Hadden held a position of authority and responsibility, which he exploited for his own gratification. This aggravating factor further compounds the harm caused to the victims. At that time in my life, I had attained my first fulltime job after college at Columbia University and had my first medical benefits. I was elated to learn about medical insurance and select the healthcare providers I was hoping to keep for my lifetime. I completely trusted Columbia University as an institution, I worked for them, went to their doctors for medical care, and then became their student for a graduate degree in psychological counseling. I was completely blindsided and fully trusted Columbia University and anything affiliated to this institutions name. This led me to trust Dr. Hadden blindly during the years I was under his care.
3. Impact on the victims: The court should consider the profound and long-lasting impact of the abuse on the survivors' lives, including any physical injuries, emotional distress, loss of trust, and the need for ongoing support and therapy. To this day I have not been able to seek regular gynecological care. I have

only sought gynecological care during both my pregnancies and have not been able to maintain a regular patient/provider relationship with any other gynecologist since Dr. Hadden. Since the day he got removed from his office in 2012, I have not been to another medical office for any kind of routine visits. I only seek care when it is urgent or medically necessary. I do not trust health care professionals since I have learned about Dr. Hadden's actions.

4. Precedent and public interest: Sentencing in cases of sexual abuse by medical professionals should send a strong message to society that such conduct will not be tolerated. It is imperative that the court's decision reaffirms the importance of patient safety, trust, and the ethical obligations of healthcare providers.

I implore this court to impose a sentence that not only reflects the severity of Dr. Hadden's crimes but also provides a sense of closure and justice for the survivors. Additionally, I request that the court ensures appropriate support and resources are made available to the victims as we navigate our path to healing and recovery.

Thank you for your attention to this matter, Your Honor. Dr. Hadden's actions deserves nothing less than a just and comprehensive resolution to this distressing chapter in all of our lives.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 30: Victim-252

Page 1

Dear Judge Berman and to all who are present today.

What is true justice? To me true justice is where there is equality under the law. That did not happen here.

True justice would be that he be remanded today until sentencing. My hope ~~is~~ on sentencing day is that he gets consecutive vs. concurrent years in prison. It's the least he deserves.

True justice would've been prison time after the first ~~trial~~ trial. After his 2nd arrest he should've been ^{was convicted} remanded pending trial. For him to never ~~receive~~ jail time the first time was the problem to begin with. Instead he was allowed to walk free with just a slap on the wrist. During this last ~~trial~~ arrest and trial he still remained free, for what? To get his papers in order? For me, this was an unequal sense of entitlement awarded to him and Columbia University.

Page 2.

I was employed by Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center from 1978-1997. I worked in the Dept of Ob-gyn as he.

He was known to be the best. Everyone wanted him to deliver their babies. I remember sitting in his office with my husband noticing a picture behind his desk that displayed him, his family and his two golden retrievers surrounded by a white picket fence. What a bait and switch that turned out to be.

No one should feel sexually aroused during late term medical visits with him. Of course you immediately blame yourself for what just happened and would never speak to ANYONE about it. EVER.

I've ~~always~~ believed Columbia University has always had great power and influence as well as wealth in the City of New York. I know they are one of the wealthiest ~~realtors~~ realtors in this city that has seemed to touch these

Page 3

Very cases, I also believe the great esteem of this predator wasn't going to tarnish Columbia University's name and influence. Instead of doing the right thing they hid him from us. They informed us for their best interest only. They knew they were wrong but didn't care. Sometimes the cover up can be worse than the crime. For that, they should pay.

True justice needs to focus on the inequity of women's rights as victims. We are someone's mother, daughter, sister or aunt and deserve to be taken seriously. This whole situation could've went much different if the victims were not women. The year is 2023 and we're still not being heard; ~~nor~~ nor seen, ~~nor taken~~ This trial and the trial before this one says it all. It's heartbreaking that all of us ~~have~~ had to carry these unspeakable sexual assaults to ourselves.

Page 4

Feeling this kind of shame and guilt throughout a time when as a would be mother should've been one of the most happiest moments of our lives. Instead, because of his status we were not able to talk about it with anyone for fear of ~~app~~ reprisal as gaslighting. That we ~~ight~~ out numbered the pounds I gained during pregnancy.

Gaslighting is a term people use quite regularly these days. The definition of this word is as follows =

It is a form of psychological manipulation in which the abuser attempts to sow self-doubt and confusion in their victim's mind.

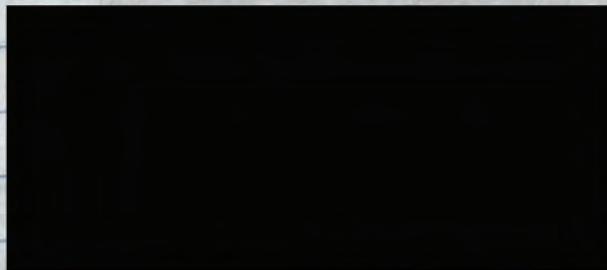
Typically, gaslighters are seeking to gain power and control over the other person by distorting reality and forcing them to question their own judgment and intuition.

A picture of his face should be displayed next to this definition found on Google,

Page 5

When women come together there becomes strength in numbers that should become a powerful message to the justice system and to the world that we command to be heard, to be seen and to be remembered

He has shown absolutely no remorse for his actions, and I will not feel any remorse for what I'm pleading for to you today



Victim Impact Statement 31: Victim-253

Victim Impact Statement

Your Honor,

As one of Mr. Robert Hadden many victims I am demanding that he is held accountable and punished for his heinous actions. He took an oath as a medical provider to treat and provide medical care for women in a safe environment. Instead, he chose to become a medical professional as obstetrician and gynecologist so he could take advantage as a sexual perpetrator and lie in wait searching for whom to victimize and sexually abused.

I was an employee at Columbia Presbyterian [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and worked with Dr Robert Hadden. My job as an MA is to chaperone the patients while Dr. Robert Hadden performed a vaginal or breast exam. While working with him I noticed he would never ask for my assistance and would go into the exam rooms alone when I was not keeping watch.

Exam rooms were directly in front of his consultation room, and he would ALWAYS remain by his consult room doorway and constantly peek and watch to see if I was present so he could quickly run inside the exam room when I was distracted. Once I noticed he was not in his consult room I would quickly knock on the exam room door he was in with the patient and walk in to assist. He was always startled, flustered and red in the face when I would walk in, and he would abruptly finish and walk out right after.

While working at [REDACTED], I had started a new romantic relationship and wanted to be seen by an MD to have testing done for sexually transmitted diseases. I had no PCP or gynecologist and taking days off from work was difficult.

Dr. Robert Hadden was the easier option and I asked if he would see me for an STD screening only, which required vaginal samples and blood work. He agreed and my visit was done with no chaperone.

I laid on my back on the examination table with my knees bent and legs in the stir ups and he instructed that I slide to the very edge of the table with my rear end hanging off the table and was covered with a paper drape sheet across my lap. He pulled the drape sheet to my knees and obstructed my view. He was sitting on a low stool between my legs in front of my private area.

I am mortified and cringe from the embarrassment of having to relive my trauma. He proceeded to examine me with his fingers and pretended that he was looking for any abnormalities.

That is when I felt his tongue very quickly lick my clitoris twice. My body just froze, and my heart dropped. I stopped breathing and waited for my body to react and jump off the table. He quickly felt my tension and started to inform me that he saw nothing and started to touch around as if searching for any vaginal lesions. It felt wet from the lubrication he had on the speculum he inserted inside me to obtain the vaginal swabs. He very quickly finished the exam and abruptly left the room.

So many thoughts and confusion quickly went through my mind and body. I was in total shock and disbelief. I quickly started to doubt myself, I trusted Dr. Robert Hadden as a medical professional. Why would he do something to hurt me. Do I tell someone? do I stay quiet?

I felt so embarrassed and questioned who was going to believe me. I am a single mother and did not want to create a chaotic scene at work if I had no proof, scared of getting fired and to be humiliated or ridiculed by my peers.

I waited until there was an opportunity and I transferred out of working in that location. Moving forward I will not see a male gynecologist and have instructed my oldest daughter to do the same. My relationship with my husband now of 20 years is aware and we struggle with certain physical contact in fear of triggering any previous trauma or any reminders of his vile disgusting touch.

I have since then ██████ never left an MD alone with a patient during any physical exam that requires an MD to physically touch a patient during an exam.

Now, I thoroughly explain to all patients especially women that a chaperone is required for physical exams, and as patients are allowed to deny being physically touched by MD if a chaperone is not present and if they do not feel comfortable to let me know.

I was hurt and held responsible for years for the countless victims; after that I could have saved from this sexual perpetrator. I also witnessed a teenager's mother being coerced in his consultation room that a vaginal exam was necessary to be performed on the teen and the teenager was also being reluctant. I continued working and triaging patients. It took at least 15 minutes of convincing before the teenager agreed.

He then sent me to do a task that would require me to walk away so he can take advantage and exam the teenager. He instructed the victim's mother to stay in his consult room while he examined the teenager alone. Upon my return the teenager came out of the exam room with her head down and arms folded across her chest as if ashamed and would not make eye contact.

This incident was before my personal traumatizing exam. I look back with guilt and shame for not speaking up for all the other victims after me. I often wonder how that teenager and countless other victims are doing with life and what negative effect or impact on how and which way the experience traumatized them.

Your Honor, I am demanding justice for all these courageous women whose voices you have heard. These heroines who are speaking up for victims like me who are too afraid to relive trauma.

I am asking for justice for all the women and myself that he victimized and took advantage of by becoming a medical professional, in which he betrayed the trust and created an unsafe haven for his victims.

This monstrous, calculated creature Mr. Robert Hadden who set off to become a healthcare professional as an Obstetrician / gynecologist to purposely hurt and abuse pregnant women to take advantage and sexually molest and prey on innocent women and minors of all ages, race and social status.

I am respectfully asking for my identity to remain private. I wish to remain anonymous. I am aware that the defendant and lawyers will have access to this statement, and I want my Victim Impact statement letter used towards his prosecution.

Respectfully,

A solid black rectangular box used to redact a handwritten signature.

May 23, 2023

"How could you have molested me when I was so exposed. we were alone in the exam room and you were examining my breasts. you kept your fingers on my nipples for much longer than necessary. You were playing with my nipples with your fingers. I remember thinking what is he doing, is he trying to get me excited! This doesn't feel right. I felt so dirty and ashamed you then proceeded to do a vaginal exam, and all the time you continued with small talk as if nothing was wrong.

I also could not understand why at every visit you asked me about my daughter who was your patient once. The first time I thought how nice that he remembers her, but looking back there must have been a more sinister reason for asking about her, and when she was going back for a follow up. it just always made me feel uneasy, whenever you asked. My daughter is smarter than I. She never went back.

I will never forget how disgusted I felt. I did not say anything to anyone at the hospital because I thought maybe it didn't really happen. Maybe it was just me because this wouldn't, couldn't happen at a hospital I have been going to since I was five years old. The hospital, my mother trusted and then I. how could I talk to anyone about it since I felt such shame and who would believe me over a Columbia doctor.

I trusted you I was completely exposed and you, as my doctor took advantage of me you broke the trust, why? You made me feel like I was crazy for thinking you didn't do anything wrong....it must be me.

You did everything wrong, and I will never forget the feeling of disgust and shame that I felt. That repulsive feeling that makes me want to throw up every time I think about it."

[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 33: Victim-255

June 1, 2023

The Honorable Judge Richard M. Berman
Victim Statement

Our first meeting was in your office on the Upper Westside of Manhattan, on a Saturday morning in February of 2013. I remember so many details of that meeting, including your office chair. It was green leather, although I never entered your office, I just saw the chair from the outside corridor. The exam room felt small to me, but I thought to myself at least he has a availability on a Saturday morning, between graduate school classes and my two jobs. The exam table was positioned with the foot of the bed angled towards the door, and the head of the bed angled towards a wall and window. Your tiny swivel chair only had enough space to move once the door was closed. The chaperone was in the room, she had blond hair, I remember it being curly or, maybe wavy; either way she sounded like a robot, agreeing very vigorously to everything you said. The exam went on and you gave a diagnose I had never heard of. You recommended birth control to me, specifically an IUD which I said absolutely no, I absolutely hate birth control. You ended the exam with what you called a “routine” anal exam.

Here is what you didn't know, I was 26 years old, timid, never questioning of authority, and for most of my life been told I had little to no value. So I laid in the most vulnerable position and knew this was not ok, but felt like I had no voice to speak. I trusted the providers in the room. You and the chaperone, I thought for years I must have been the one who was mistaken in my memory, but I should have known better; I am rarely ever mistaken in memory, it is actually my superpower in life. That is why 10 years, almost to the date when your face popped up on social media I was able to identify you. I remembered all the details of our first meeting. I knew exactly who you were.

This time I was no longer timid, I was no longer questioning of my memory, or fearful of authority; in fact I am brave, strong and confident in what I know, and what I know is back in February of 2013 you took advantage of an opportunity you saw in a defenseless version of me. You knowingly engaged in a violation of my body, your chaperone did not stop you, no one stopped you and you believed you were above the law. I personally have not felt any remorse from you for your actions, probably because unlike me, you would not be able to pick me out of a group of others.

Yet I wish you no ill will, in fact I pray God has mercy on your soul. This is not because I am a forgiving person, on the contrary, it is because I am a mother with boys now of my own. I hope to never be in this courtroom for one of my sons in this way. I pray for your soul, because as a mother I know that someone, or your case a lot of people believed in you, your mother, your family, your patients, what a pity we were all wrong about you. May no one ever experience what you have placed on to any of us.

Since our meeting I have become a therapist, I work to help people heal their trauma and broken wounds from life. My work is at times draining, and as a professional I should be able to heal from my own wounds, yet I cannot. Ten years later, and I cannot heal from that early morning when we met in February of 2013. I cry frequently when I think about it. I struggle at times to articulate my feelings using emotional vocabulary, when feeling triggered, at times I cannot identify my triggers at all. I have never trusted another male gynecologist, and male doctors in general feel intimidating to me. Some nights I dream ironically not of the exam room but of your green leather chair, and the chaperone with robotic responses. While I am aware that these symptoms will become less prominent with time and therapy, they will never dissipate from my memory, because as I mentioned before my memory is my superpower, but now it has become my super nemesis.

Victim Impact Statement 34: Victim-257

I was a patient of Dr. Robert Hadden for over ten years.

On [REDACTED], I went to my appointment at his offices in Washington Heights. I was two weeks away from my due date of [REDACTED]. Hadden gave me an exam (with no one else present) that was so rough that I could hardly walk to my car, and when I arrived at my home in [REDACTED], I could barely get out of the car. I also experienced contractions, and after phoning his office, I was advised to go back to the hospital. My son was born later that evening, two weeks early. He had a pneumothorax and an infection, and was confined to the NICU on a CPAP for a week before he was able to go home with us. I also was hospitalized for five days with an infection. When I saw Hadden for a follow up visit, I asked him how I got the infection, and he said it was likely from the exam. I now know, based on the testimony of his other patients, that he induced my labor. I always knew that he had a part in my son being born early, but I didn't think it could be proved until I heard testimonies from other women.

Hadden also expressed my breast milk at an exam, and had inappropriate comments about my body and asked questions regarding my sex life.

It sickens me that he was allowed to practice for as long as he did after numerous complaints were issued against him. Columbia allowed a known sexual predator to practice freely and did nothing to stop him. I ask that he is given the maximum sentence. [REDACTED], is my son's birthday, but it's also the day that I was sexually molested by a doctor I trusted.

(Please keep my name anonymous. I would actually like to put my name to this but since it involves my son, I never want him to know this fact about his birthday.)

Thank you.
Jane Doe